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PETER FENELON COLLIER.

No. 523 West 13th Street, New York.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1895.

ALL AMONG OURSELVES

THE ONE THING NECESSARY.

INSTEAD of the chronic alleged ailments and the everlasting fault-finding that accompanies them, a truly national spirit demands the restoration of former methods of triumph and the elimination of recent mistakes and the disastrous results that have attended them. No nation ever yet succeeded that was fed on the negations and false stimulants of criticism of government, based on party rancor, class prejudice and an aiming at the unattainable. We are sure that the American people have grown tired of the loud talk making practical work impossible, that characterized, and still characterizes, the opposition to the American national policy of protection and bimetalism, that went down in defeat three years ago, but is now, fortunately, once more commending itself to the enlightened patriotism of the country, regardless of sectional or political lines.

The keynote of our national aspirations now is, Let us take care of ourselves, build up our country and its industries from within, and reach out afterward if we have need to do so, and not until we have done the needed work at home so thoroughly that no waste places or lost opportunities remain within our borders.

We know there was a time less than half a decade ago when foreign countries did not undertake to check our internal prosperity, or meddle with our monetary standards, or complain even at our tariffs. They saw us at the same work they are themselves engaged in. They marveled at the growth, became envious perhaps of our success; but they did not interfere or attempt to dictate terms until they saw we had made a false move and left ourselves open to a checkmate. We must restore those old conditions, and call the present disastrous game a draw. By the rules of international chess that will count a half-game for us and the same for the foreigner. Let it go at that.

We will not admit that the natural course of events has driven us into this compromise, nor that we must carry it any further in our dealings with the older countries. The board is to be cleared and all the pieces are to be put back in the box. The game is over. It was the fault of our enemies that time; if it happened again, it would be our own fault.

The one thing necessary is, to restore prosperity and the protective American system. Bimetalism will be all right then. The tariff and the 16 to 1 ratio between gold and silver must stand or fall together. We need not farri out our revenues, nor mortgage our future to the money-lender. The coming Congress and President Cleveland have nothing to do but this: Give us back the days of prosperity; the monetary and bond difficulty will disappear then, and not till then.

JUDEX JUSTNOW.

IS THIS RIGHT?

THE outrageous perversion of the system of public instruction in New York which has characterized the management of that institution for so many years still goes forward. The public has become so accustomed to the persistent disregard of its rights and opinions on the part of its sworn servants that this topic no longer excites the comment it deserves, if, indeed, it ever did.

Since the opening of the public schools last month the columns of the daily papers have teemed with reports of the great numbers of children excluded from the schools for lack of accommodation, with here and there a protest from some indignant parent. Thousands of children in every quarter of the city are denied that which it is the avowed aim of the public school to provide: viz., instruction in the mere rudiments of general knowledge. Yet, despite this fact—in the face of the crying need of additional buildings for the primary schools—the Board of Education is about to expend an immense sum of money for the erection of new quarters for the College of the City of New York, an institution that is as far out of the province of the public school system as a school of medicine or a conservatory of music would be.

There is absolutely no excuse for the existence of this so-called college, much less the expenditure at this time of so much of the public money in its behalf. It is foreign to the spirit in which the public school idea was conceived, it is foreign to the doctrine of equal rights, it is unjust, it is unfair, it is un-American. The basis of the public school system is the right of every child in the community to a thorough instruction in the rudiments of learning. This is not a privilege, it is a right—a right to which every child is entitled under the law establishing the system. Therefore, until every child in the city is afforded that right, and insured health and comfort in the exercise of it, not one penny should be spent on furnishing higher education to a select few.

And even in the event of sufficient primary schools being established, what excuse has the College of the City of New York for existence? Why should the taxpayers be obliged to pay for the education of a few boys, who are, in many cases, well able to afford the expense themselves? There is no excuse for it.

Another offense of the same kind, though of a different degree, is the establishment of evening high schools for the instruction of pupils in advanced courses. What right has the Board of Education to spend the public money on these favored classes to the exclusion of those for whom it was appropriated? There is no excuse for it, and the sooner public opinion is roused on this subject the better.

HOME COLONIZATION.

To the man unfamiliar with the conditions under which the mass of the people in our large cities live the necessity for providing some relief is not readily apparent, and is, therefore, of little concern to him; but to one who knows how these countless thousands are housed and fed and reared this phase of the social problem is of paramount importance. The wretchedness and poverty that go hand in hand with the development of a great metropolis have become proverbial, yet even this condition does not act as a deterrent, and year after year the influx increases, and with it the crowding, the squalor, the penury. Under such conditions how can the influence of the home be felt, how can it work any lasting good? With the struggle for existence dominating every thought, every action, what room is there for those gentler, more refining influences to exert the sway that should be theirs? This is a condition much to be deplored. It is to the home we must look for the future of our country. It is the nursery of those virtues which in the maturer stages of their development form the basis of our national character. With that influence removed we have a retrograde movement, and this movement will continue unless some remedial action is taken and an effort made to check it. In the struggle for existence the weaker must go to the wall, and unless some strong arm is extended to assist these weaklings they will eventually be crushed, and their number will increase until they become a burden on the community and a menace to the prosperity of the nation.

But the question naturally presents itself: Where is the remedy—what is the solution of the problem? The remedy is simple. The idea of Home Colonization under Government aid is the key to the situation. There is a large proportion of these strugglers who are only too willing to help themselves, but who, through lack of opportunity or other causes, are unable to do so.

It is the plight of such as these that has given birth to the thousand-and-one schemes for the betterment of the masses that are perpetually springing into existence. The single tax advocate, the Socialist, and every other would-be social reformer has, if we are to accept their respective claims, in his own scheme a panacea for all the ills that society is heir to. But the real remedy for this particular evil is to be found in Home Colonization. The glamour of the city must be removed and the impossibility of maintaining small homes within its limits by the great mass of its residents must be demonstrated. A counter current must be started and an efflux from the metropolitan centers into the great Interior inaugurated. This could be accomplished by Government aid, even if an appropriation were necessary to attain the desired end. Here, too, would be an excellent opportunity for a useful and eminently proper, not to say profitable, employment of private capital not necessarily, even, in a philanthropic spirit, but with a purely business end in view.

It might be argued, as it probably will, against our scheme that it would accomplish no appreciable good—that although individuals might be benefited by it, the class, as a whole, for whose good it would be supposed to operate would not look upon it with favor and would fail to respond. The people who would be benefited by it, it might be claimed, are, as a class, improvident and void of ambition or desire to better their condition, and have become so wedded to the life of the tenement and the city streets that they would look askance on any scheme for their improvement that involved a separation from these familiar associations. It is true there always is a large floating population, a shiftless, improvident element that will never improve itself, no matter what its opportunities; but it is comparatively a small section of the community—so small, indeed, as not to affect in the least our claim for the benefits to accrue from our plan. Its existence is an evil that cannot be wholly rooted out; it can only be lessened. Under the present conditions this class is constantly augmented by recruits from the ranks of those already referred to, who, overburdened by failure and disappointment, relax in their struggle against adversity and drop gradually into that spiritless state which so often results in a chronic condition of shiftless despondency. It is for such as these that our plan of Home Colonization would accomplish most good. For such it would work wonders. It would afford them opportunities to redeem themselves before they had sunk to despair—it would enable them to establish homes of their own, a boon that is to-day denied by circumstances to so many millions of our people.

A dispatch from Wilmington, Del., states that the acquittal of the alleged filibusters, recently tried there in the United States Court, was received with wild enthusiasm by the people of that city, and that the discharge of the prisoners was the signal for a popular ovation. This is significant. It shows very clearly that the people of this country take more than a passing interest in the struggle now going on in Cuba, and indicates—if, indeed, any indication were necessary—where their sympathy lies.

The United States does not covet Cuba as a possession. The American policy is not one of territorial acquisition. We have vital and urgent matters to attend to nearer home. But every Government in the New World has a natural interest in the question whether Cuba shall be kept dependent upon Spain against her will. Every one of us has a perfect right to protest against her being kept so by the savage warfare that has been officially declared against her from Madrid. And we do so protest.

We have been holding under advisement the case of the Indiana man who taught all his children to read print upside down; and the decision is, that this new theory and art of teaching must be standing on its head and thinking with its feet—a distinct reversal of form, and therefore to be discouraged by practical educators.

The New York police force were deprived of their night sticks by order of Superintendent Byrnes, more than a year ago, as a preventive of needless clubbing by policemen; now, they have been restored by President Roosevelt, because a patrolman was probably fatally assaulted the other night while on duty. It is hard to tell just what is best to do in the management of the force, but the night stick ought to be a proper weapon in the hands of an officer otherwise fit for his position.

Hip Sing Lee, the wealthiest Chinaman in the San Jose Valley, offers a half-interest in his business and five thousand dollars in cash to any reputable young American who will marry his daughter Moi, because he fears she may be kidnapped by the Highlanders. Hip is thoroughly Americanized and excludes foreigners from the competition. He could not catch one of them with that paltry sum, anyhow.

The latest is apropos of a New York chappie who, after a sudden social stride, registered at one of the swell hotels as "Newrich and valet, New York." One who had known him before the stride, registered next to him as "Johnson and his valise, New York."

During the fiscal year ended June 30, thirteen thousand new appointments of fourth-class postmasters have been made, only seven hundred and sixty-nine of them being caused by death, the rest by Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General Maxwell and his little ax. During the year, there were sixty thousand complaints, showing that not one in a thousand of our population had any fault to find with their mail—that the Department could remedy. Nineteen States show a decrease in the number of post-offices. The people of Kansas grew so tired of fake circulars and patent medicine prospectuses that they dropped fifty-three long-suffering outposts. South Carolina dropped forty-four, and Iowa and West Virginia thirty-eight each.

It seems from recent dispatches from the far East as if China had not yet reached the limit of her misfortunes. Hard on the heels of the devastation resulting from her late disastrous war with Japan comes the intelligence that cholera is abroad in the land. The reports of the scourge, which had at first no more reliable basis than rumor, have now been well authenticated. The country is said to be fairly alive with the disease germs. Nor is her lately victorious adversary fairing any better. The same dispatches inform us that Japan is suffering almost as severely from the same scourge, more than seventeen thousand people having succumbed to it.

It appears that Hon. M. W. Ransome, United States Minister to Mexico, will get his salary after all. Secretary Carlisle has reversed the ruling of the Auditor of the Treasury for the State Department which denied Minister Ransome's right to collect his salary under his present appointment.

A novel implement of war has been devised by a French chemist and will be used by the Cuban revolutionists. It is made like an arrow and is to be propelled by a bow and shot over the heads of the forward ranks of the enemy with the design of having it explode in the rear and thereby cause great havoc. It is made chiefly of aluminum to insure lightness and is charged with dynamite.

German artists had an opportunity within the last week to do honor to a distinguished member of their craft, Andreas Achenbach of Dusseldorf, the occasion being the eighty-first anniversary of his birth. Herr Achenbach has a claim to distinction other than his standing as a painter, being the father of Max Alvary, the tenor.

Charles Leclercq, a veteran member of Augustin Daly's company, died last month in New York Hospital, of typhoid fever. He was seventy-two years old and had been with Mr. Daly fourteen years. He came of a well-known theatrical family, his father, three sisters and two brothers having all been members of the theatrical profession.

Among the changes in the faculty of the New York University which were recently announced we note the appointment of Dr. Samuel Weir, until recently of Vienna, to the chair of history of education and ethics in the School of Pedagogy. Dr. Weir is a scholar of wide attainments and is an acquisition to the University. Other changes in the faculty involve the appointments of Arthur B. Frisal as assistant professor of mathematics, Edward B. Warren as assistant professor of political science, and Professor Bristol as assistant professor of biology.

The Manhattan Elevated Road, New York, has decided to extend its tracks on the North Side to Fordham, about two miles beyond the present terminus, and is now engaged, through its agents, in securing the consent of property owners along the line of the proposed extension.

Who will say that the New York public is not philanthropic? Here we have the taxpayers of the city, through the Board of Education, spending forty-seven thousand dollars for a new site for the College of the City of New York, that the favored youths who have been admitted to a share in the advantages offered by that institution may have additional cause to bless the beneficence of our citizens. This, of course, is only the first item of the expense—the building has yet to be erected—nevertheless it is worthy of appreciative notice. Of course, there are those so unappreciative as to sneer at this great and good work, and suggest that a small portion, at least, of that money might be used for the purpose originally designed for it—the schooling of the children of the city. But, then, it is hard to please everybody.

NOTICE.

H. RIDER HAGGARD's latest story, entitled "Joan Haste," will be sent out with our next issue, dated October 10, 1895. There will be twice the number of pages usually contained in the Library, and our subscribers will receive the story complete in two numbers.

District Attorney Fellows and Corporation Council Scott of New York are at odds with City Magistrate Cornell over a recent declaration of the latter anent the excise law. The Magistrate has declared that according to the letter of the law the private citizen who gives liquor to a guest in his house has violated the statute as fully and completely as the liquor dealer who sells it, but the legal lights above mentioned differ with him. If Magistrate Cornell's opinion is to be shared by his colleagues on the bench and the policy foreshadowed by it carried out, we may look for a speedy repeal, or at least a radical amendment, of the law. When a law can be so construed as to affect the personal liberty of the citizen to this extent, there is but one course open. The public is long-suffering and patient, but like the proverbial worm it will turn eventually, and when it does, some substantial reform is accomplished. Viewed from the standpoint of those who favor a modification of the present excise law, perhaps Magistrate Cornell's interpretation will contribute more than any other cause toward a prompt and lasting reform.

Here is a tale with a flavor of the romance of half a century ago. While a British vessel, the "Virgin de los Angeles," was becalmed recently near Aihucenas, a small island off the coast of Morocco, she was attacked by eight boats manned by Arabs who boarded her and carried off six hundred dollars in specie and a part of her cargo. In this generation such a tale has the charm of decided novelty, for since the days of Decatur the Arabian pirate has lived only in memory.

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

THE declaration of the Irish National Convention in Chicago in favor of arms as the only means for the redress of their nation's wrongs is startling, and in view of the general situation in Europe is pregnant with significance. The growth of sentiment in favor of physical force as a means for achieving the freedom of Ireland has been marked, ever since the historic division in the ranks of the Irish Parliamentary party, over the question of Parnell's leadership. Since that disastrous breach the Parliamentary party has been riven by jealousy, dissension and internal strife, division succeeding division, until it has become so weakened as to lose entirely its quondam prestige. The Home Rule movement, it is universally acknowledged, is crippled and the attainment of its end apparently as far away as ever. The measure has been shelved and the advocates of physical force, who have in a great measure lain dormant during the twenty years of constitutional agitation, have again come to the front and are apparently in the ascendant.

It is interesting to note the possible causes for this change of sentiment. Of course, first and foremost must be considered the failure of the Home Rule movement, the bickering among the Parliamentary leaders and the hopelessness of a union of the factions. Then, the political situation in Europe has probably inspired the leaders of the movement with new courage. England, if the present indications go for aught, will soon have sufficient foreign complications on her hands to worry her. France is determined to have Egypt and Russia has hungry eyes on Turkey, and the possible effect on England of their efforts to secure these vantage-points has probably inspired the Irish revolutionists with the hope of eventual success. The gallant fight now being made by the Cuban patriots has probably also tended to stir their courage and nerve them to deeds of patriotism. Of course, the conditions of the two countries and the two peoples are vastly different and the conditions that operate for success in the one might not be found in the other; but, nevertheless, the moral effect is the same. The effect of the action of the convention on Irishmen here and at home, and on public sentiment toward their cause, will be watched with more than usual interest.

AN IDYLL BY THE SEA.

A VERY rich young lady lived with her rich mamma in a grand mansion by the sea. She had just been betrothed to a Noble Duke, and her mamma had gone away for a few days, to a great city, to put another grand mansion in readiness for the wedding.

Her rich papa lived and entertained on a sumptuous yacht; but during mamma's absence he called upon his daughter by appointment. He remained with her for more than an hour.

When night came he gave a dinner on board his yacht to a large party of men. It was an informal affair.

The wedding will come off before snow flies. The young bride will get about ten million dollars from her rich papa, and the "dust" will be so tied up that the Noble Duke cannot touch the principal to shingle his palace in foreign lands. The rich mamma has received large sums also from the rich papa, who has a great deal more of the stuff left, invested in fast engines and fast horses.

The question of the possibility of the communication of cancer by inoculation seems to have been solved by the

case of Dr. Edward Worthington Burnette of New York, who succumbed to the dread disease last week. It is claimed that a complete chain of evidence has been established proving that in this case, the first known in the history of medical science, it was the result of inoculation. He contracted the disease from a patient whom he had been treating. She had complained of a sore on her tongue, and he had applied nitrate of silver to the spot with his finger. Shortly afterward he cut himself while shaving and the finger came in contact with the cut. It was subsequently ascertained that the patient was suffering from cancer, and it is believed that the germ of the disease was transmitted as indicated above. As if to confirm the theory of inoculation it has been discovered that the patient in this case had been using a speaking tube formerly used by a man who had died of a cancer in the mouth.

Dr. H. S. Town of San Antonio, Tex., has been applying his knowledge of drugs to a use which will hardly earn the approval of other members of his profession. He has been arrested in Hot Springs, Ark., on the charge of having drugged and robbed a woman who was the guest of the doctor and his wife in their room at their hotel. The doctor has confessed.

From several sections of Wisconsin and Kansas come reports of disastrous forest fires. In Kansas thousands of acres have been devastated and crops have been ruined, while in Wisconsin large tracts of timber have been destroyed and villages menaced by the flames.

A company with a capital of one hundred thousand dollars has been organized to develop coal mines near the city of Juarez, Mexico, and has already purchased one hundred thousand acres of land in that vicinity.

Bicycling made easy is evidently the aim of a New York inventor who has devised an electric motor to be attached to a bicycle. The entire outfit weighs sixty-four pounds and is capable of carrying one hundred and fifty pounds at the rate of thirty miles an hour.

In the southern part of France is the historic town of Avignon, where of yore the Popes resided. The Palace of the Popes it is now proposed by the Town Council to restore at an estimated cost of four million two hundred and fifty thousand francs. The structure has long been used as a barracks.

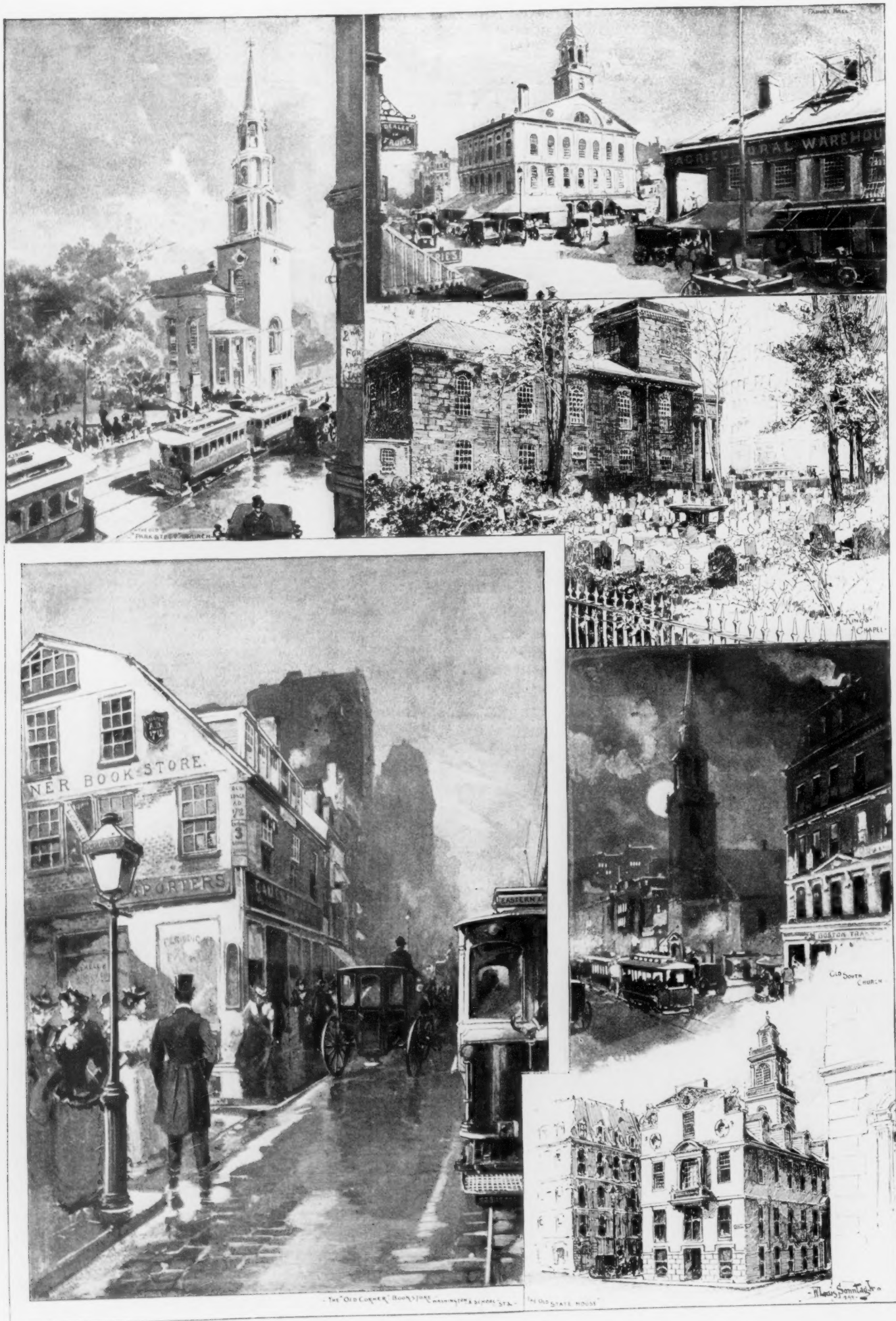
All Italy celebrated September 20, the anniversary of the entering of Rome by Victor Emmanuel, with characteristic fervor, the time being occupied with military processions, banquets and general jubilation. The French and Austrian embassies, in accordance with instructions from the Home Governments, were not decorated, for which action the Pope has sent his thanks to these two countries.

An alliance of the five Central American Republics will be the next important move down there. It will have a Congress in which each Republic shall have two Senators, the members of the House of Representatives to be chosen according to population. The Union seems to be a reply to English aggression at Corinto and to Mexico's threat to make war on Guatemala over a question of damages alleged to be due to Mexicans who were expelled by Guatemala from soil in dispute between the two countries. Mexico claims several million dollars, while Guatemala insists that a few thousand dollars will cover all damages sustained. The controversy has been referred to United States Minister Ransom and will be settled in a few weeks.

M. Felix Faure must feel a little kingly, even if he is only President of France. Next spring his Excellency will be escorted by a French squadron to Copenhagen, where he will visit the King and Queen of Denmark; then he will proceed to St. Petersburg, thence to attend the coronation of Czar Nicholas II. at Moscow, where he will be lodged in the imperial palaces. He will return by sea, and take in Sweden and Holland, where he will be guest of those royalties, too. A grand demonstration of the Russian, Danish and French fleets will take place at Copenhagen; and Baron von Kiderlen-Waechter has been sent there by Germany to keep watch. In lieu of all this color and movement our poor President has to go a-fishing.

The downward road is always easy, but often pathetic. For nine years Thomas Martin was on the New York force, a total abstainer and model officer. About a year ago in the line of duty he took a dead body out of the river, and drank a glass of whisky as a bracer, afterward. He has gone from bad to worse ever since. The other day he was sentenced to three months in the penitentiary for assault.

Anyhow, what harm would it do if President Cleveland made proposals to the Republicans of the next Congress looking to the restoration of the prosperity of three and four years ago and the wiping out of the Treasury deficiency of one hundred and thirty-two million dollars?

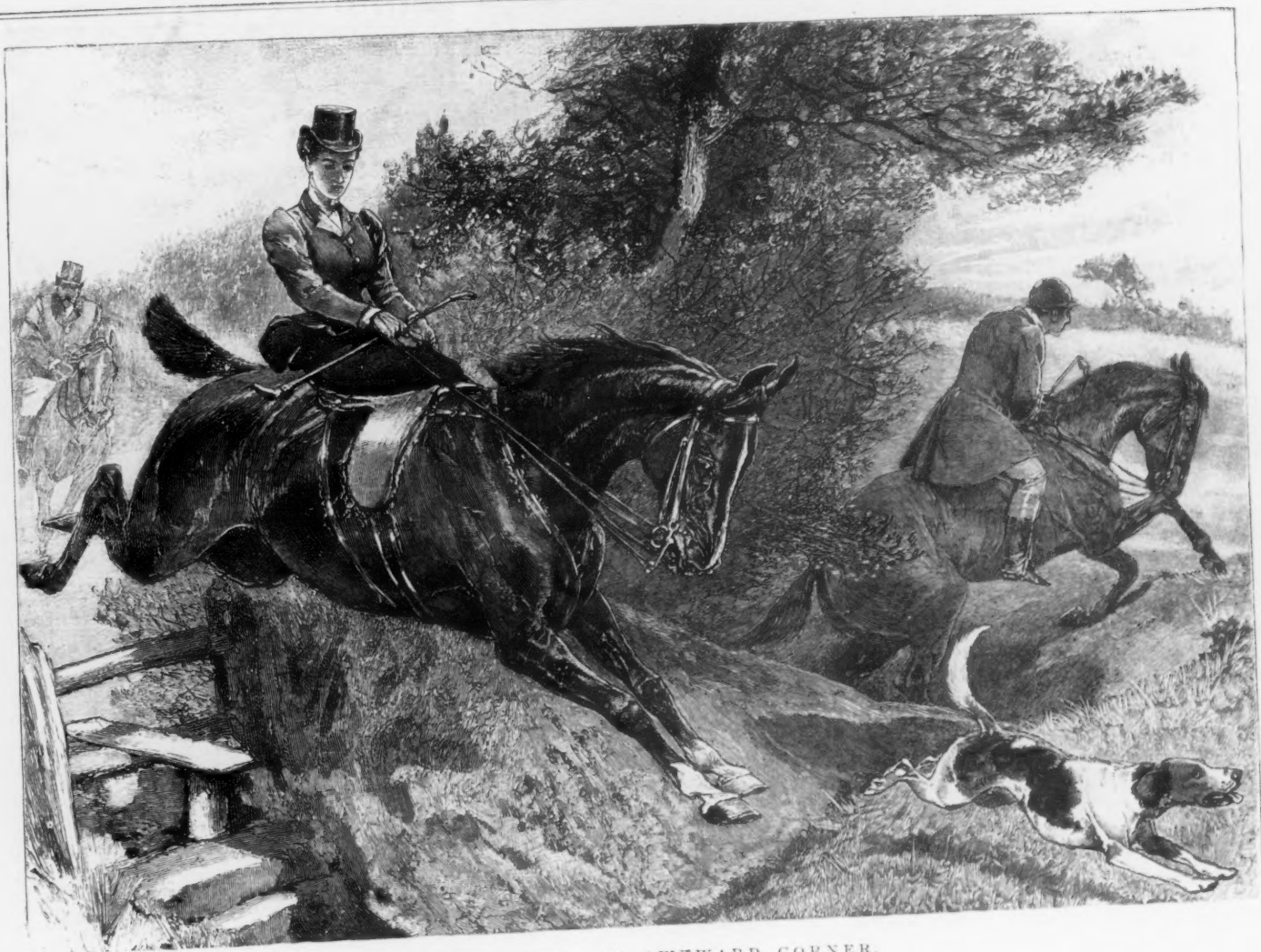


POINTS OF INTEREST IN OLD BOSTON.

(See page 14.)



ARABIAN LADY BOATING.
Berlin Photo Co., N. Y. From the painting by Breit.



"FULL CRY." AN AWKWARD CORNER.

HAVE COURAGE.

Before the Present fade into the Past,
The old year die and leave us lying on
To face the future in untried ways,
Receive my message—so the song—
Comrades, the dearest for the dear dead years.

As we have prosper'd journeying in the past,
Been hearten'd, helpen'd, by fair fellowship,
So we shall prosper, so communion make
The rough road smooth which leads us to the stars.

Friends, fare we on together, as the birds
Cross the wide ocean in the deep of night,
Unresting till their wistful eyes at dawn
See the soft margin of the long d-for land.

For this is solace for each several soul
When black griefs yawn, and wild winds beat it down;
Or dearer night elaps to her freezing breast—
To feel that some regard its fluttering flight,
Or fain would warm it into life again.

Trust then the truth that many years have taught,
Fear not the menace of the freezing crags;
Shun not the glacier and the ice-bound cliff;
Have comfort, courage, for the cord is strong,
Wrought of imagination and dear thought,
Which binds our hand together 'mid the snows;
It will not part or sever till we reach
The peak above us, there the rising sun
Shall flush our foreheads, flood our frozen hearts,
Till each is master of a mightier strain,
Than he could utter in the vale below.

THE COUNTESS PLATOFF.

IN Russia to-day, and perhaps there alone among European countries, the yeast by which every people has risen and is made may be seen in ferment. Nature there has not yet been bent into subjection, but is still vital, virginal, magnificent, the power which once compelled the mothers of men to bring forth giants to cope with her, in emulation almost, and for contention. The wild life of the open world washes everywhere, like a surf, up to the very walls of the cities, redeavouring, with a tongue of weed and sand, the morsels snatched from it by bill-hook and plowshare, always alert, voracious, presumptive; and before it a silent people, sad-faced, flat-browed, rough-bearded, stands, keeping it at bay—a people distinctively human only in form; phlegmatic, barbaric, animal, fatalistic; living as weeds, and dying as the worm, without desires and without regret.

Their masters are the most finished gentlemen in Europe, and perhaps, the most unfinished natures in the world. They live within the cities, or make but the briefest excursions outside them; they are polished, emotional, unvarnished, superstitious, atheistic, and fatalists at heart: still saturated with natural instincts, and controlled in the main by a natural morality, their apparent aim and fondest employment is the imposing upon themselves of artificial restraints and the observance of utmost trivialities of fashion, which lies like a frost upon their duties, and eats as a fever into their delights.

Between the freemen of the fields who toil like slaves and these serfs of the city who live like gods, there exists no connecting class, no uniting interest; and some results arising therefrom are notorious though unlikely to prove of lasting importance. The mass of simple pastoral men in Russia will never be set on fire by the torch of political incendiaries, but there is danger that they may be petrified, by the Medusan eyes of social corruption, into monuments of sensual sloth and bestial appetite, as, year by year, in the city of St. Peter, are the dreams of its fitful genius into stony masks of fashion and decay.

Neither the rulers nor the ruled in Russia are picturesque so far as they faithfully represent their class: they are interesting only as representatives, and, being easily depicted and endowed with a certain dramatic passiveness, figure frequently in Slavonic novels of to-day; and appeal with force to those who, by means of translations, become acquainted with characters, and do not know them to be mere blotting-pad impressions of an official calligraphy. It is only, however, when the types are crossed that any real inscription of character occurs, an event common and trifling enough with us, but no light nor ordinary matter when the senses are many centuries older than the soul, as sometimes one is forced to believe they must be in the empire of the Czar.

Of such a confluence Tolstói's Albert is no exceptional instance; he is typical of every meeting of the folk-spirit in the blood of his people with the fashion-spirit in their brain; a meeting which never ends in marriage, nor in any noble productivity, but in dull and checkered fruit, apples of ashes, in precocious decrepitude, and in the final dissipation of the soul, either within or without the body.

It may seem an affectation of simplicity to mention with the inebricate fiddler one so different from him beyond degrees of comparison as the Countess Vera Platoff, one whose genius—whose possessive and productive spirit—has been crushed within her, into self-repression, instead being pressed out, as with him, into self-indulgence. Yet the energy, which in her is too proud to revolt, has closer kinship in its veins than comes merely of foster-milk, with that which in him was spent in perpetual revolution; and by its scorn and callous treatment of such power, the Russian people is spoiling daily its chance of splendid destiny and renouncing the large promise of its use.

No one introduced to Vera Pavlovna would probably see in her more than the woman of fashion, for other than that she does not pretend, nor, apparently, desire to be. There are albums of caricature on her tables, to which Gavarni's signature might be attached, and pictures of academical distinction on her walls; but the keenest penetration would scarcely credit the production of them to their owner, or suppose that the grave, almost languid lady, with girlish freshness of face and magnificent eyes, who poured you out weak tea and passed the weaker tattle of the Court with an equal and unassuming interest, was the passionate actress and singer of the night before, whose brilliant orchestral

trifles are heard with rapt attention by the audiences of Rubinstein and Tchaikowsky.

I made her acquaintance shortly after her marriage, a marriage of convenience according to the biting phrase—of most bitter inconvenience it proved to her—with Count Peter Platoff, who was forced, after the fashion of his nobility, by his own and his father's extravagance, to buy a wife and her fortune with his title; his own reputation as a profligate and a gambler, and his disdain of every honorable ambition not weighing in the matter. When they returned to town I met her for the first time, and was struck only by her beauty, her extreme youth, and a directness and sincerity in her manner which I thought to be the outcome of a country life, and had no idea until two years later that her mind was a mint which she had ceased to work, seeing the ideas it struck were not current in the society she had entered. Sometimes, when she knew me better, and discovered a community of interest, she would shape some flashing fragment of thought and stamp it in her sovereign style, but only to make medallions for a friend, not coin of exchange.

Elsewhere she would have found scope for her powers, and might have been another Madame Roland or George Eliot, with a range and authority of which they never dreamed; but if told so she would merely shrug her shoulders and reply, "I am here." Such fatalism almost creates the grim sisters of destiny.

"I have never cared much for life," she once said, "seeing I have never had much to live for. I know of death too little to desire it."

Such words in the mouth of a woman of profound ability and striking beauty form a proud advertisement for the pessimist, though she herself does not profess despondency, but conforms, without show of acerbity or despair, to the advice of Epictetus, abiding where the gods have placed her. Nay, more, for with the key, in the shape of poison, always beside her, she stays on "though the chamber smoketh much."

It was some time after her marriage when I learned what was, perhaps, her most significant ability.

I had been shown into her studio, where she rarely received, and to pass time looked through a couple of albums, lying there, which bore her crest. One held the medley of a young lady's first drawing lessons, furry, unhelpful-looking things; the other was crowded from cover to cover with caricature—the Countess herself, her sister, all the familiars of the house, except her husband, and every well-known face and figure in the capital, sketched with frank humor and unflattering expression, not as portraits, excepting an occasional corner so filled, but in scenes, and with a fidelity which might seem too faithful, save to those who had witnessed them, to be compatible with burlesque; a travesty without a trace of malice, yet as suggestive in its reticence as a finger laid upon the lip.

I was completely absorbed in it, when Vera Pavlovna entered; her smile intercepted and answered my natural inquiry without vanity or reserve, and was only deepened by my extravagant eulogy; but from that day she treated me with a blunt and sometimes pathetic candor, very different from the accomplished reticence which made her so agreeable a hostess, and which seemed always to invite but never returned a confidence.

I used to lend her foreign reviews of note, and tried to interest her in home affairs and foreign policy, for both of which she affected the fashionable alertness, and felt the profoundest contempt, and I was on my way to her house on that fatal 1st of March when the bomb was flung at autocracy which killed an Emperor.

The story of that terrible day and night has yet to be written. Never was there such paralysis as when that head of half a world received its death-blow. Twelve hours before, his spies had been in every house, no one was great or small enough to be secure from them. Men were condemned for high treason on a neighbor's jest, women were dragged from their beds at midnight to face the spiteful falsehood of their maids. There was an oppressive sense of caution in the air, one breathed it like a fog, it darkened the land as the locusts of Egypt's plague. After the first burst of license following the shock of the catastrophe its discretions increased; the silence of this silent people was significantly intensified; the conversation of the streets became ludicrous by its insatiable avidity for trifles; to read a letter there would have been to expose one's self to be torn to pieces; a sentence of serious meaning was ignored, men slunk away from it as from a serpent.

But the shell of the nameless regicide shattered other conveyances in the State than the Imperial carriage, and blew some things out of the air by blowing others into it.

There was, for some thirty hours, a freedom which might be felt; the sense of authority was gone; the police had lost their protector whom they had failed to protect, the soldier his king, the dvornik his god. There was visible anarchy of passion or fear in every face. I saw people chattering like daws on the spot where the murder was done, crying, praying, picking up bits of glass from the shattered windows around, fragments of the Emperor's coach, and of his overcoat; they even dipped their handkerchiefs in the blood supposed to be his, but which had probably flowed from the other killed and wounded, to treasure as a relic.

The whole city seemed gone mad with fear and the dream of violence. Dread of further explosions emptied churches, theaters, tramcars, railways; every public resort was abandoned, public houses were closed. There was disorder everywhere. In some districts the peasants refused to condole officially with the new Emperor until they had received a constitution; in others they craved permission to amass the upper classes, to plunder their property and seize their land; in some they killed and pillaged without making the request. Newspapers which had so lately sung the paeans of autocracy, clamored boldly for the liberty of the press, and every other freedom it implies.

Suicides were frequent, murders unnoticed; innocent men were arrested in troops, and criminals like Rysakoff, who was afterward hanged, were lionized by the police, who supplied them with the best of eating and drinking, and discussed with them the topic of the day over a friendly cigarette. No one knew in fact who would be master to-morrow, and overtures of indemnity, as loathsome as they were ridiculous, were made in every

quarter. The most impossible conceptions of panic-stricken brains were believed to be impending. Stories of fresh conspiracies, of more terrible explosions, of reactionist risings and advance of their avenging hordes upon the capital, of vast mines under whole streets, passed from mouth to mouth, gathering portents as they went. Society, tottering before, was shaken to its base; its members, expecting they knew not what, went to their homes to await the worst. Yet, all the while, no steps were taken, no precautions attempted; none sought refuge in flight, nor dreamed of resistance; there were no signs of panic; the city of palaces seemed stricken with paralysis as a city is stricken of the plague.

The Countess held a reception on that day, but I found her alone with her husband, and it occurred to me that I had never seen them so before. There was an air in the house like that which follows the entry of death: the servants stood listlessly about as though they were petrified internally; the lackey who admitted me suppressed a hysterical giggle, his face was quaintly like a faun's, fat with vacuous excitement.

I exchanged a few words with the Count, who told me rapidly that he feared a card party to which he was invited might, under the circumstances, prove a failure. He mentioned in an excited way the names of those he hoped to meet, dwelling with Russian minuteness on some trifling proclivities of each player, and disappeared abruptly without taking leave. It was hard to say whether the man or the gambler were more agitated.

His wife was seated in the window's recess, looking out along the wide white quay toward the Winter Palace; she sat with her hands folded before her, in an attitude of profound dejection. She did not seem to be aware of her husband's abrupt departure.

Presently she turned and looked at me sadly:

"Do you bring news?" she said.

I replied I was not likely to have any unknown to her; for by that time every beggar in Petersburg knew what had happened, and much that had not.

"You have heard what has been done over there?" she asked, nodding her head toward the Winter Palace.

I said I had not. The great square before the Admiralty was full of people when I passed it, dvorniks mostly, and the roughest company of the streets, leering, cruel-eyed men, the infidelities of evolution, gathered beneath the balcony on which the Czar often appeared on great occasions.

"It was over there," she continued, "before the Palace . . . they were waiting to see the Emperor . . . he did not come. Ah! you know all; that they say he will never stand again?"

"He is dying!"

"Is it so? Our poor father!" She looked absently across the quay, and I had to remind her of her subject.

"They were speaking of him, there," she went on, "and waiting, waiting . . . you know what men are that wait"—her voice spoke some experience that way—"they all were eager and sour and angry, saying this thing and that of him . . . how good, how brave . . . telling things that he had done, and when one spoke the rest cried, 'Ech ech!' so that it sounded far off like the breaking of stones. And it seems these students, two of them, who were there laughed, at some foolish jest, perhaps, between them; but when they laughed the people turned on them and roared—oh! it was like some beast of hell!—and tore them up by the feet and hands and . . ."

She folded her arms tightly, and sat erect, looking toward the scene of that awful butchery. Another woman would have covered her face.

"You saw it, Countess?"

"I saw it," she said, fixedly; "they pulled them to pieces; I saw their faces. . . ."

She stopped abruptly, as if afraid of her emotion. Presently she turned to me with a sudden and beautiful abandonment.

"There must be a meaning in these things, monsieur, not so terrible as there seems; if you know it, tell me."

Never have I seen anything to be compared to the expression of her eyes. There seemed to be within her some part of the divine nature, which could not use its human shape, but strove there, impotent and unaccomplished, behind it.

I thought of her as I knew her—humorist, painter, actress, musician; the extraordinary completeness, the utter waste of her powers. In painting and music she could speak, as it were, two languages of the soul; few can do that; she spoke them with convincing force. How profound a knowledge of the grotesque and terrible, of every tragic and every pitiful quality in man was instanced by her work in caricature it would be hard to say, or how such emotions found expression in her sketch-book and acting, while so rigidly repressed in her life.

That glance of some powerless, passionate desire, impelled and unable to realize itself, and therefore careless of those graces and ornaments so highly valued, for their own sake, by the world, gave a fresh clew to her character, in following which I almost forgot that, unconscious of her divinity, careless of her destiny, she herself was sitting there before me, asking the meaning of a ruthless murder.

I said that what it meant might matter little to any of us in a few hours.

"So my husband says. I believed you would rather understand what has happened than consider what might."

She rose, and looked again out of the window.

"This people of mine, what are they to do so brutal a thing? You know them—they are simple, gentle, patient; they suffer much, always. Is there to be an end to that, to be an end to it now?"

I said that doubtless an end would come.

She turned toward me with an eager face.

"Is it near?"

I shook my head.

She took down a little cup from the cabinet beside her, and toyed with it in her hands.

"I am no Republican, as you know," she said, simply; "but sometimes, such a time as this, I feel as they say those women felt who did great things—look! I that must hate what my people have done to-day—how is it that I love them so?"

There was something regal in her simplicity, and in the resonance of her words. I remembered them long after; and two years later, that outburst of queenly compassion and of womanly tenderness recurred to my mind when an acquaintance stopped me in the street with the startling sentence:

"The Countess Platoff has shot her husband."

The statement was accurate according to Russian ideas, and in a society which, by making a fetish of honor, has forgotten its sacredness, and which considers the obligations of a fuddled gambler before the claims which even prospective motherhood lay upon a woman.

I had seen her that very night, when she was called so suddenly to play a leading role before the footlights of Fate; she was enacting the part of Marguerite in Gounod's "Faust," when the curtain rose on the tragedy of her own life. The performance was in honor of an exalted personage then visiting Russia, who refused good-humoredly to believe, until she were introduced to him, that he had not been listening to some Northern star of song. She was triumphantly successful, and looked, with the German's fair fringe above her dark eyes, strangely beautiful. She used always to appear at the supper which concluded the evening in the dress she had been wearing, and the last glimpse we had of her that night, or rather morning, was in a great fur cloak, which covered the conventional white robe of the prison scene, talking with more than her usual gaiety to Prince P., as he handed her to her sledge.

She must have been in the same attire when she met her husband, for he was awaiting her return, and her disguise added, no doubt, a pathetic incongruity to the stern part she played.

She told me some years later all that passed between them.

The Count had joined her in the salon. The great room was only lighted by a few wax tapers which she had kindled to assist her in searching for a book. He had the gambler's white face, the whiter now for fear, which she knew well enough. Her color must have been heightened driving along the snowy quay, where an icy wind blows all the winter; but he did not notice her beauty. He said he must have eighty thousand roubles before morning or he would shoot himself. Her fortune had been nearly exhausted by similar though smaller demands; and she had given him solemnly to understand that she would not imperil the future of any children she might have by further acquiescence; she reminded him now of her warning and of his promise to apply to her no more.

He could not believe in her firmness, and reiterated the claims of such indebtedness on his honor.

"I cannot help such honor," she replied.

"I must sacrifice my honor or my life."

"You must decide," she said.

Then the costume she was wearing seemed to strike him; he stepped up to her and threw back her furs.

"You play Marguerite," he said. "You win applause by personating the divineness of love; let us have a performance for once of that sort of thing at home; make a Faust of your husband! That's hardly, I dare say, a stage idea, but then I don't ask you to poison your mother or have your brother stabbed, so I might serve, though a lover is, of course, more popular; be my Marguerite, *ma mie*; you don't love me, I know, but you might do this favor for some you love less."

"I do not love you, Peter Petrovitch," she said, drawing back from his suggested caress; "I could more easily refuse you now if I did."

He tried coarseness then.

"So the lover is more popular; we can wear these pretty little disguises for other Fausts than we've played with, eh? He never wore the devil's feather, that was not devil altogether," as the song says. Aha!

What she answered I do not know; it was sufficient to awe him into silence. The dirty tongue of St. Petersburg slander had never slavered on her fame, nor, with all the world against her, has it dared to do so since.

He dropped again to groveling entreaty, prayed her to hear him by the memory of his father, for the credit of his house, even, so incontinent were his thoughts, for the sake of her children that might be; he knelt before her, calling on every god he knew of to bear him witness in a thousand falsehoods; flung himself down upon the floor, kissed her feet, and vowed he would not release them till she should relent. She standing all the while, motionless, frozen there with horror, with pity, with her own resolve; the white stole she wore, symbol of woman's weakness, of a woman's too trustful affection, increasing, doubtless, the bitterness of her rebuffs.

What a picture it must have made. The great gilded room, only the distances and dreariness of it to be seen by the ghostly reflection of those few tapers, echoed faintly among the immense mirrors; the woman's supple figure wrapped in thick furs, thrust open now from throat to waist, above the white vest; the rich color in her cheeks still touched with rouge; her wonderful eyes wide with misery; poor Gretchen's light flaxen tresses covering her own dark hair—a statue of immutable decision. Moving in the darkness beneath her the gray face of the man at her feet, that being all to be seen clearly of him writhing there upon the floor.

The struggle lasted some time; then he got up, looking, in all likelihood, pitiable enough, for he was going, as he knew, to his death, and the pathos of that journey is powerful even when brave men take it. He turned at the door for a last appeal, made with surprising dignity; he looked at her, but could not quell her eyes, and said:

"I go from you to die, *ma chère*."

She stood there, still silent, unmoved; and so they parted. The dark winter's day of the North, where night and day differ only by the depth of their shadows, had begun; and three hours of it sufficed the Count to set his house, chiefly debts, in order; then he sat down, smoked a cigarette, and blew out his brains.

Nothing of the cause of his death need have been known had his wife so chosen; she alone could reveal her share in it, and after the shrug of pity for one more self-stain gambler into the gesture of disgust at the mention of his murderess. "Poor fool," they would have said. "Poor fellow," was what they did say; his wife won him at least that mitigation of epitaph without altering his intent.

Concealment, the need and sense of it, was quite foreign to her soul; she had faced her conscience, she

could confront the world, and she did so. The result to her was deplorable, for the world, in its sorry fashion, finding a nature strong and pure enough to be above fear, put what distance it could between them; the example was set by the Court, and that example was, of course, to be copied.

The change made thus in her life must have been keenly felt, more perhaps for its reason than by its results, but did not alter her living; she neither made overtures to Nihilism nor adopted religion; as a widow she could take no part in receptions, and before her mourning was over she was gone.

It was on her return that she suffered most from the coldness of those who had been once so warm; but while, if any pitied her, she acknowledged her lost position with regret, she made no effort to regain it. In Russia everything comes to him who waits—at the foot of the back stairs—and the post is too extensively patronized to be considered degrading; but the Countess would not have lifted an eyelid to recover in that way her former dignity and delights. She retained the same serene perfection of manner, though she smiled a trifle more sadly and was somewhat given to reverie, made an amusement out of hard work as before she had put real labor into her play, but did not let frowning fortune find any reflection in her face.

Time has now in measure made amends. The dead we have always with us, but the living, and especially the talented living, not for long. The memory of the Count's death declined, and it came to be remembered that his wife had once been as brilliant a factor in social pleasures as he had been the reverse; the Court proscription was relaxed, the lesser doors were thrown open at once to admit her, the greater followed, one by one; and, although there are still houses in the capital too strict to receive her—that of the Princess D., for instance, who does not scruple for private aims to dispute the legitimacy of her own family—the Countess Platoff has reassumed the pedestal from which, with such inclemency, she had been cast, and has made her bow once more before the magnates of her people, with that smile of mysterious futurity upon her face which it is as difficult to forget as it is to fathom.

THE FLIGHT OF THE BARRACK GUARD.

ONCE upon a time, when members of Highland regiments could talk in Scottish dialect, and honest men, who believed that things were what they seemed, were spared the shock of hearing the vernacular of Yorkshire hills and Derby dales issue from wearers of kilt and sporrán, the Macadam Highlanders came from the East to Walton, and the North Riding Regiment went from Walton to other quarters in the West.

There are some barracks on the edge of Walton Moor, dismal structures that were built in ages past for man and beast, but the water was unfit for cavalry horses, and so the premises were set apart for infantry, for whom most things are reckoned good enough.

Linesmen relieved linesmen, and whenever a change was made many playful words were banded. One courtesy that the outgoers never failed to pay was the expression of the hope that the incomers would like their quarters, as they made healthy preparation for camping out in styes and fortified the system against the ravages of pestilence in Eastern climes.

Any regiment that had any influence at all never came to Walton Moor. Once the colonel of a crack battalion, which was under orders for Walton, came down to look at the place. He came, he saw, and, with the help of friends in Pall Mall, took his regiment to Malta. After that the authorities became alarmed, and built another set of barracks in the newest style, side by side with the old; and it was their pleasure so to rule things that the old barracks sheltered battalions that stood in need of drill and discipline, and the new building was the home of lofty and distinguished troops. For, said the authorities, who knew these matters best, the presence of the smart men will brighten up the shaky ones, and the presence of the shaky ones will teach the smart ones how not to do it. The plan worked so well that the new barracks men were forever sneering at the old, and the old in wrath fell upon and maltreated any Newun that had the folly to enter the rival gates.

The Newuns and the Olduns waged incessant war, and rival rhymers in the ranks of each kept the fire of mischief burning. "Go to the guardroom of the Olduns," said a representative committee of the Newuns one dark night, to a youth fresh from a farm in the hills, "and call out the lines on this bit of paper. We'll give you a bob apiece if you do it." The recruit went and cried:

"Olduns, beastly dirty crew,
Lost your colors at Waterloo."

He was caught before he reached the barrack-gate, and was carried afterward into hospital, where the shilling a-head proved of large service.

When the Macadams came from Rangoon and marched into the New Barracks, the Old Barracks were in charge of an officer and a dozen men, until the North Riding men's successors took possession. The kilt-wearers swaggered past the Olduns' gates to the "March of the Macadam Men," and the Olduns' sentry, presenting arms, watched the waving tartans with a sneer.

"Think they're a fine smart lot, don't they?" asked Private John Toms of a comrade, when the Macadams had passed.

"It's the way of men from foreign service—especially Highlanders," said the comrade.

"Partic'larly if they're Scotchmen born in Tipperary," retorted Toms. "Ugh! the sight of 'em chokes me; let's go and wash the taste away." And he spat upon the ground and vanished.

"Folks stare like stuck sheep at a lot o' breechless men," said the sentry, as the baggage-carts were passing. He spoke in wrath, for there was no longer a knot of admiring loafers around the Olduns' gates to watch the sentry's doings.

"I wouldn't associate with Highlanders," asserted Private Toms, as he drank deeply from a pint mug. "If there weren't any other troops on earth."

"I wouldn't mix with Newuns if every man in the ranks was a Royal prince," said his comrade.

For a whole week Macadams and North Riding men passed each other without exchanging a word. Then it happened that the pipe-major, who was leaving the service on a pension, and whose heart in consequence melted toward the human race, especially soldiers who would be with the colors for many a day yet, stopped at the barrack-gate of the Olduns. He bade an affable good-morning to Private Toms, who was looking contemptuously upon the great smoke-clouds that overhung Walton.

"Mornin', major," replied Toms, curtly.

"It's a fine thing to be on the eve o' leavin' the sarevice," observed the pipe-major.

"It is," said Private Toms, "if there's a fat pension to leave it on, an' a jolly big feed on the last night in barracks."

"True, true," said the pipe-major, who wished he had held his tongue and passed the Oldun in scornful silence. "But," he continued, with brave flippancy, "a big man needs a big allowance, eh? What could my six feet two in height do on a scanty pension?"

"To say nothing of your whatever-it-may-be in breadth," remarked Private Toms.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the pipe-major, uneasily, and wondering how he could best say good-morning to the very unappreciative individual upon whom he had thrust his company. "By the way, what a pig-stye of a place yer barracks are."

"Guv'mint make a point o' not givin' everything to one set o' men," answered Private Toms. "They certainly haven't given all things that one might want to our lot, but they don't remember everything even for your set."

"I don't see the drift of yer observation," said the pipe-major, stiffly and suspiciously.

"I mean," said Private Toms, turning inward, "that if we don't get palisades to live in, we do get clothes an' soap enough, an' to spare." And with a lingering glance at the piper's knees, he entered the guardroom.

War between nations has arisen from causes rather less trivial than this, and that very night the outraged Scot, surrounded by his comrades at the farewell banquet, cried for vengeance. "If it hadna been," he said, smiting the table with his fist, "that the discipline o' the sarevice forbade such a coarse being pursued, I'd ha' wiped the roadway with him on the spot."

"It's an insult to the Macadams such as I never before heard tell on," said the sergeant-major, who was the chairman.

"Blood alone would ha' washed it out if things were as they should be," hiccupped a muddled color-sergeant.

"Some action should be ta'en to mak' us quits," urged a time-expired man, who was developing a zeal for the welfare of the regiment, now that he was leaving it, such as he had never shown before.

"An' that could best be done by showing what a set o' carles the Olduns are," observed a third, who gloried in disturbances, provided he was safely out of them.

"If," said the pipe-major, reflectively, "if we could cover 'em wi' shame this night, 't would be enough."

"Ye canna do it, Sandy," said the chairman.

"An' what for can't I do it?" demanded the pipe-major, hotly.

"Ye mustn't resort to force of arms, man," answered the leader.

"Force o' sense may do far greater mischief," said the pipe-major.

"That's true," observed the chairman, slowly; "I hadna thought o' that."

"This very night," exclaimed the piper, rising from his chair, "I'll put the Olduns' guard to rout."

"Haud yer tongue, Sandy," commanded the chairman, "ye're talking like a fulish man."

"I'll do it if it costs me my pension," said the pipe-major.

"Do what?" asked many voices.

"Cover 'em wi' shame this night for the shame they've put on me," answered the piper.

"An' how'll ye do it?" asked the chairman, in amazement.

"That," answered the pipe-major, draining his glass, "ye'll see when I come back. I leave ye for a while, friends, an' with this, he retired.

"Noo can ye see it?" he asked, proudly, when he reappeared.

"Good Lord, Sandy Gant!" exclaimed the sergeant-major, "don't think on't. Tak' them claes aff, an' put them things away."

"Wi' much submission," said the piper, firmly, "I'm no longer subject to yer authority. My time was up this morning, an' I hae my discharge about me noo."

"Do as ye will," said the senior, resignedly. "I fear ye'll bring us into sad disgrace."

"That ye may depend on I'll never do," said the pipe-major. "An' noo, if one or two on ye cares to watch and see all's fair, step forth wi' me, but whatever else ye do, keep oot o' sight. The night's as dark as pitch, an' the fog's sae thick ye could slice it wi' a sword."

The pipe-major stepped into the darkness of the night, and two figures representing the company tripped stealthily in his wake.

Private Wilkins Copp, of the North Riding Regiment, was mounting guard at the Old Barracks for the first time. He paced to and fro on his post with swelling heart, pausing once or twice to peer into the fog, and bringing his rifle to the charge to meet imaginary foes. The night was cold, but Copp's enthusiasm was enough to supply the warmth which his great-coat lacked.

"I hate a sloven of a sentry," he mused, tilting his helmet just a shade backward so as to fix it in the position that gave him the most warlike appearance. "I hate to see a man look as I've seen 'em look in the Volunteer—all anyhow, slouching up an' down on their posts like bags o' sawdust. This is the style," he continued, inflating his chest, throwing back his shoulders, turning out his toes at the proper angle, and standing as erect and still as a lamp-post. "Do your work like a soldier, as ye're paid to do; keep a sharp look-out; challenge every man that comes, even if it's the Commander-in-Chief or the devil; an' don't let every swab

(Continued on page 10.)



GEORGE GRAY PUTTING THE 16 POUND SHOT. — 42 FEET.



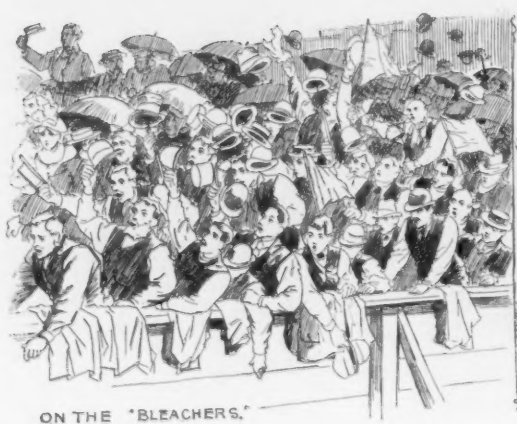
WEFERS. DEFEATS BRADLEY.



PEEPHOLES.



MEASURING SWEENEY'S JUMP.



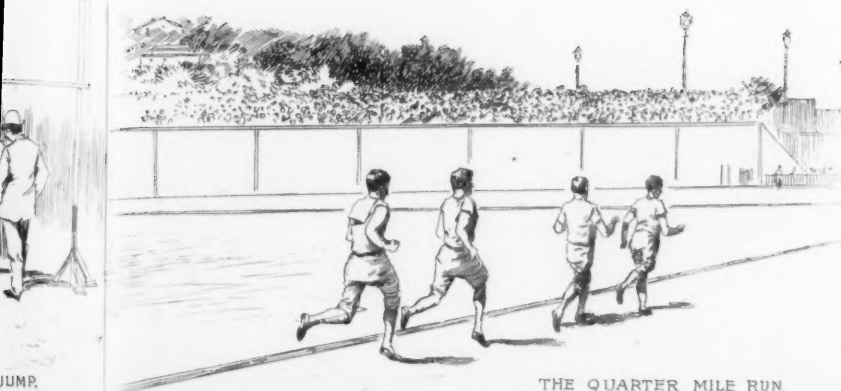
ON THE "BLEACHERS."



THE NEW YORK CLUB'S MASCOT

THE INTERNATIONAL GAMES AT MANHATTAN FIELD, SATURDAY, SE

(See page 14)



THE QUARTER MILE RUN.



3 MILE RACE

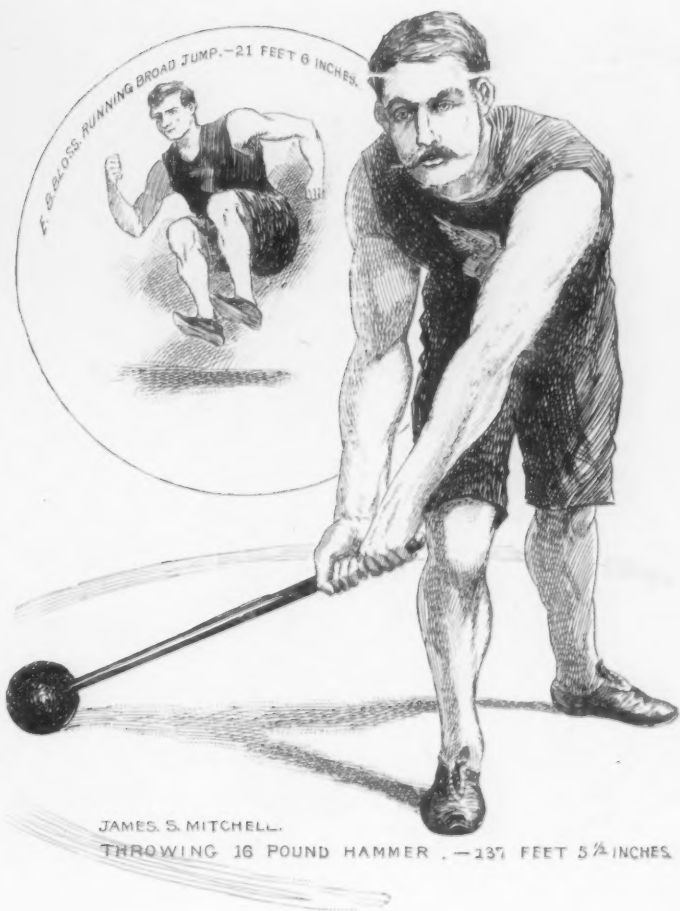


CLUB'S MASCOT.

AFTER WEFER'S VICTORY



100-AND-20-YARD-HURDLES.



JAMES S. MITCHELL.
THROWING 16 POUND HAMMER. —137 FEET 5 1/2 INCHES.

AY, SEPT. 21, AT WHICH THE AMERICAN TEAM WON EVERY EVENT.

(See page 14.)

THE FLIGHT OF THE BARRACK GUARD.

(Continued from page 7.)

that likes to pass get through without a word—as I've seen 'em do in Volunteer camps. No, hang it, order's order, an' the law's the law. I'd like to see the man, or creature, or thing that would dare to pass me if he couldn't give the proper answer. Prince or pauper, I'd have him in the guardroom before he could call on his mother to help him. Oh! I wish I'd got the chance to show 'em how to do the thing in style. But there's no hope of it a night like this, an' in such a miserable hole. It's my beastly luck—I never get the chance I want. It's been the curse of me life so far, an' it'll be the thing that busts me at the end of all. The worst of this life is there isn't proper openings in it for active spirits. If you want to be anything, you must be born to it. If you're born a swell, you can't get far wrong; if—bless my soul! What's that?"

The sentry halted suddenly, and gazed, with slowly opening mouth, at the barrack-gate.

"Now, don't forget," the corporal of the guard had whispered in a friendly way, "that if anybody comes, what you've got to do's to port arms and sing out, 'Halt! Who comes there?' Don't squeak it, mind; holler as if you wuz orderin' a ridgiment to charge." But the warning had died from the private's remembrance, and he simply murmured vacantly, "What is it?"

Private Copp was shrinking within himself, and he knew it. His valor had departed as completely as if it had never existed. His knees knocked violently against each other, his jaw fell until it could fall no more because of the chin-strap, and the military stiffness of his carriage was giving way to universal limpness.

The sentry retired step by step until his back collided with the box. The shock acted as a tonic, and bracing himself up, he managed, not, indeed, to port arms, but to bring his rifle to the charge, and to demand in a feeble voice, "Who comes there?" adding "Halt!" as an after-thought.

By way of answer there came a prolonged, subdued wail, and with it there advanced a creature, upon whose like his eyes had never yet rested.

It was a creature of shadowy outline and gigantic stature, resembling in form beings of this world, but in its actions to be likened to naught of earth. It advanced with long, stately strides, but its footfalls made no sound. It grew in the gloom until it seemed, in the sentry's dazed imagination, to tower over all things. Private Copp saw standing before him a figure cloaked in white, embracing, as it were, an infant; and two eyes shone from the folds of the headdress with a power that made the lids of his own close instinctively.

The sentry heard a repetition of the soft, low wail, and a groan escaped him. Then he felt the butt of his rifle pushed insidiously against his hip, and his disorganized frame giving way before the pressure, he found himself seated upon the floor of his sentry-box. When his eyes were again opened the unhallowed visitor had gone.

Private Copp bounded to his feet, put his rifle with trembling hands into the corner of the box, and staggered into the guardroom.

"Comrades," he gasped, "I've seen a ghost!"

"Seen the devil!" exclaimed Private Toms; "let go my confounded throttle!"

"Seen a ghost," protested Copp, "as sure as I'm alive. I'm sure it was one, because I don't believe in 'em, an' wasn't thinkin' of spirits when I saw it."

"You'd had something to do with 'em though," said Private Toms, "if your cowardly looks and drunken ways are any guide."

"I'm as sober as a judge," said Copp, earnestly; "see me walk a bee-line."

"Get back to your post, you fool," commanded Private Toms, seizing the arm which still encircled his neck and throwing it from him. "D'y'e hear! Get back—there'll be Old Nick to pay if the captain hears you've bolted."

"If it was an enemy of flesh an' blood," said the sentry, "I would, but as it is, I—I—can't; I—I—daren't. It isn't human to expect it."

"Daren't, daren't?" sneered Private Toms. "You've got to, whether you care or not, you miserable chicken. Clear out, or I'll kick you back to the sentry-box. Ugh! You hulkin' coward!" added the incensed soldier; "you're a disgrace to the ridgiment. D'y'e want us to be nicknamed the Post Sleepers or the Bolters? Come, out ye go."

Private Toms had already grasped the deserter by the cape of his great-coat, and was dragging him toward the door, when Private Reuben Gant put in a word on his behalf.

"A minute or two sin'," he said, "w'en ye an' me wer' talkin', John, aw 'eard a noise 'at fair flayed ma ta death, an' made me flesh creep. Yaw 'eard it, John—I wor tellin' yaw abaht t' Norrad Green bog-gard."

"Earin' ghost tales an' believin' 'em are two different things," said Private John Toms.

"Boot yaw 'eard t' noise as weel," said Gant, "an' said 'at it wor enof ta mak' a chap's belly wahrk."

"Shut up this imbecile nonsense," said Toms, angrily, "an' you get back to your post, Copp. You shiverin' duffer, if you don't know what's good for you, I do—out you go."

Once more his hand was upon the sentry's cape, and he was about to lead him to the door, when there appeared at the entrance the figure which Copp had seen while on his post. The three soldiers for a moment stood like statues; then Copp wrenched himself away, and darted to the rear of Private Gant. Gant, in turn, took one pace backward and put himself behind Private Toms, Copp acting as if he formed part and parcel of him, stepping as he stepped, and keeping his position as rigidly as if the two were on parade, performing some mysterious drill. When the three stood behind each other the figure silently entered the doorway and became motionless, its shape made just visible in the dim atmosphere by the flickering light of the guardroom fire.

"If yaw'r sooa little flayed o' that soor o' thing," whispered Gant, tremblingly, in Private John Toms's ear, "gooa a' throw it neck an' crop into t' street."

"Don't pin my arms like that," snapped Toms; "hang it, let 'em go. Halt! who comes there?" he said, boldly.

The figure, which was coming noiselessly and imperceptibly toward them, halted, and as answer to the challenge repeated the low, dirge-like wail which had caused the collapse of Private Copp.

The recreant sentry groaned aloud, detached himself from the waist of Gant, fled to the end of the guardroom, and, with unsteady hands, raised the lower sash of the window, jumped through the opening, and fell on the ground outside. Private Gant looked at the vanishing figure, then at the apparition, and wavered no longer.

"You skulks," muttered Private Toms, when he felt that he was alone. "You miserable dogs, to leave a chap like this—it's comin' nearer!" he gasped, as he began slowly to fall back before the advancing form.

The hair of Private John Toms was beginning to rise upon his head, and his strong arms grew nerveless as he retired toward the open window.

"Pshaw!" he muttered, with a desperate effort, "givin' way before a humbug of a thing like this. I'll wrestle with it fair and square, an' if it's a thing of earth we'll see who wrestles best. If it isn't, then Heaven ha' mercy on me."

Toms was on the verge of a spring toward the enemy when, for the third time, the low, sad wail smote the air. His courage died more rapidly than it had risen, and making no further stand, he turned, ran to the window and vaulted through it. As he disappeared the wail grew into a crash of triumph, mingled with mad laughter. And while a gigantic figure skipped noiselessly about the guardroom floor, three private soldiers fled in panic toward the quarters of Captain Hector Henderson.

The captain had dined in mufti, and he was reading a railway mystery, with a cigar between his teeth, his body reclining in a wicker chair, and his legs spread comfortably but inelegantly before a crackling fire. The mystery was not so mysterious, after all, and the officer found it somewhat of a drag, and was telling himself that if he only cared to try he could produce a much superior work.

"What in the name of goodness is that row about? Somebody in a fiend of a hurry, evidently," he muttered, as heavy blows rapidly followed each other on the door. "Come in," he cried; and three soldiers tumbled confusedly into the room.

"Shun!" commanded Private Toms, in a husky voice, and the trio stood stiffly in line.

Captain Henderson gazed over his shoulder for a moment at this strange spectacle; then he drew his legs together, rose slowly from his chair, put his book down and his cigar upon it, and without saying a word stared deliberately at his visitors and waited for them to speak.

"Know it's against the Regulations, sir, to come in together like this," began Private Toms, in unsteady tones, "but ghost in the guardroom, sir."

"In a big white shirt, an' makin' awful noises in 'is belly," added Private Gant, who looked upon his captain now not as an officer, but as a fellow-man.

"Just looked at me, sir, an' I fell in 'eap in the sentry-box," said Private Copp, "causin' tinglein' sensations down my spine."

"Drink in the added brains of every one of you," said the captain, when his amazement had died away and his tongue could form words.

"If you doubt our word, you can see 'im for yourself, sir," said Private Toms.

"Sittin' on the guardroom stove, sir," put in Private Copp.

"An' mooinin' fit ta boorst hissen," said Private Gant.

"Come instantly with me," said Captain Henderson, bewildered by the entire proceeding, "and let me get at the real meaning of this outrageous business." He led the way to the door, and the three followed him across the parade.

"I believe we've been thunderin' big fools," thought Private Toms; but he held his tongue, and hoped for the worst for the officer, for whom otherwise he had profound respect. "I should feel a lot easier if he got something to keep him to his bed for a week," he mused, fervently. "That would sort o' put me on the safe side, an' make this affair look genuine an' as it should look."

"You watch the guardroom window," said the officer, "and I'll go in by the door and investigate this stupid hoax."

"Aloooe, sir?" asked Private Gant.

"Yes," answered the officer, scathingly; "I really don't think I should gain much by having any of you with me."

Private Toms remembered the words as he watched the back window. "It'll go but hard with any thing or creature that comes this way," he muttered. "Now then, look out, you two."

When the captain entered the guardroom he saw in the gloom a figure standing motionless. Two eyes shone upon him with a steadiness that unnerved him in spite of himself, and the figure advanced with a stateliness and stealthiness that made him retreat a pace or two involuntarily. "He's an escaped lunatic," muttered the officer, under his breath, "and a dangerous one at that. Wants to pass me and bolt." Then he stopped suddenly and said aloud: "No man but a trained soldier steps like that. If you're a soldier of the Queen, I order you to halt."

The officer advanced, but before he had walked six paces the visitor turned round, darted toward the window and leaped through it.

"Man or devil, we've got you this time," exclaimed Private Toms, exultingly, as he fell upon the figure.

"I'm not so certain abaht that," added Gant, ruefully, as he rose from the ground. "Yond thing's as strong as a elephant—'e knocked all t' three on us dahn as if we'd been cornstalks."

"An' there were other two sprang out of a corner," said Private Copp, rubbing his elbow tenderly. "an' 'elped that big fat object to get away."

"Have you got him?" demanded Captain Henderson, leaning out of the window.

"No, sir," answered Private Toms, "he was a bit too big an' slippery, an' seemed to divide himself into three parts; but I've got a thing here that may tell us who he is an' where he's from."

"Bring it round," said the captain. "Now what is it you've got?" he asked, when the three had re-entered the room.

"There it is, sir; I haven't looked at it yet," said Private Toms, holding his trophy forth. "I couldn't see it in the dark, but it feels mighty queer."

The officer started back and said nothing; Private Copp's senses swam, and Private John Toms's vision grew dim as he looked upon the thing he held at arm's length and from it to the dumfounded superior.

Private Gant alone preserved his faculties unimpaired. "Well, I'm damned," he said, slowly, regardless of everybody present. "Bagpipes!"

The captain stepped forward, took the instrument, stuffed it into the fire, and watched it as it burned, holding a handkerchief to his nose.

Private Copp, unordered, had gone back to his post, and was walking to and fro with shame in his heart and the spirit of vengeance against the world at large summing within him.

Private Gant, whose soul was musical, and who possessed a flute, looked covetously on the wreck of the pipes, but there was that in the look of the officer which warned him not to carry out his intention of asking for the things as a present. "There's soomat wrong 'ear," he murmured, at last, "an' I can't see 'at 'e can want me. I'd better leavse theese two to feight it aht; after all, it's nooa business o' mine." He stepped, unnoticed, out of the guardroom, and having gained the square, took off his helmet and placed his forehead against the clammy wall of the guardroom. "That feels cooler," he said, "an' this," he added, inhaling the fog, "this tastes sweet after smellin' them burnin' pipes."

When the fire had done its work, the captain placed his boot upon the ashes of the instrument and pressed them into the grate. Then he turned slowly to Private Toms, who was standing mutely at attention, not knowing what else to do. "Raw lads like Copp and Gant can be excused," said the officer, "but you, Toms—"

"I know it, sir," interrupted the private; "I played the fool. I don't know how it happened, but I got a fit o' the panics."

"For once," said the officer, "you've acted like a sodger—and you know what that means to a North Riding man."

"If," said Private Toms, very slowly, when Henderson had gone, "if I didn't know he spoke the truth I'd make him eat his words, if I got ten years for it."

"Rough on a man like Toms," said Captain Henderson, sinking into his wicker chair; "but the thing's so bad that really I couldn't let it pass without a sharp word. There have been some queer meetings between the Olduns and the Newuns, but this is the queerest of all. I wonder what on earth was the cause of it: spite or drink, or both, on the part of one or more of the Newuns—that's certain."

Then the captain stretched forth his legs, and put his hands into his pockets, and laughed till tears ran down his face.

"Will you an' Gant come wi' me round by the sergeants' mess?" asked Private Toms, gloomily, as soon as they were relieved. "I want to show you something."

Toms had not spoken since Henderson told him he had acted like a "sodger," and Copp and Gant marveled at his language now.

"There's nobody about, is there?" asked Toms, when he had shut the door upon the three of them.

"Not a soul," said Private Gant.

"An' suppose we made a bit of a noise here?" pursued the senior; "there's nobody could hear it, is there?"

"There isn't a man within a hoondred yards," said Private Gant. "Boot what is it yaw'r wantin' ta show us, John, for I moon be off ta bed if I'm ta get onny sleep?"

"I want to show you the two biggest fools on earth," said Private Toms. "Look at one another. An' now you've looked, take that by way of fixin' things in your granite skulls," he added. "Before the two could answer, he had seized them by the hair and ears, and had brought their heads into violent collision."

"Yaw'd better let my loogs aloooe," growled Private Gant, in an evil temper, as he shook himself free. "Yaw've nooa chicken ta feight if yaw begin ta feight me."

"Fight you—your fight?" snarled Private Toms; "why, you can't do anything but jump out o' winders an' run."

"Roon or noot roon, I'll pawse t' first man ta deeah 'at lays 'ands on my loogs agean like that," said Gant, stoutly.

"Say another word," replied the infuriated Toms, "an' I'll fling you like a sack o' muck out o' the door. You two want lickin' into soldiers, an' the man to do it's the man you've covered with disgrace this confounded night. He'll do it, too, if you only keep your tongues from waggin'. Trust the captain not to say a word about this—he's too fond o' the honor o' the ridgiment. As to the long-legged swab that did it, leave him to me. Him an' me'll settle in the future. Come an' have a drink," said Private Toms, in kinder tones.

"There's good in evil, after all," murmured Private Copp.

Neither the captain nor the guard ever admitted or confessed the rout, but a braggart scribe in the Macadam's regimental organ told a story, which he alleged was based on fact, and which he called "The Piper's Serenade."

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A BIRTHDAY ODE.

LOVE and praise, and a length of days whose shadow cast upon
time is light,
Days whose sound was a spell shed round from wheeling wings of doves in flight,
Meet in one, that the mounting sun to-day may triumph, and east
out night.

Two years more than the full fourscore lay hallowing hands on a
sacred head—
Scarce one score of the perfect four uncrowned of fame as they
smiled and fled:
Still and soft and alive aloft their sunlight stays though the suns be
dead.

Ere we were or were thought on, ere the love that gave us to life
began,
Fame grew strong with his crescent song, to greet the goal of the
race they ran.
Song with fame, and the hustrous name with years whose changes
acclaimed the man.

Soon, ere time in the rounding rhyme of choral seasons had hailed
us men,
We too heard and acclaimed the word whose breath was life upon
England then—
Life more bright than the breathless light of soundless noon in a
songless glen.

Ah, the joy of the heartstruck boy whose ear was opened of love
to hear!
Ah, the bliss of the burning kiss of song and spirit, the mounting
cheer
Lit with fire of divine desire and love that knew not if love were
fear!

Fear and love as of heaven above and earth enkindled of heaven
were one;
One white flame, that around his name grew keen and strong as the
worldwide sun;
Awe made bright with implied delight, as weft with weft of the
rainbow spun.

He that fears not the voice he hears and loves shall never have
heart to sing:
All the grace of the sun-god's face that bids the soul as the fountain
spring
Bids the brow that receives it bow, and hail his likeness on earth as
king.

We that knew when the sun's shaft flew beheld and worshiped,
adored and heard:
Light rang round it of shining sound, whence all men's hearts were
subdued and stirred;
Joy, love, sorrow, the day, the morrow, took life upon them in one
man's word.

Not for him can the years wax dim, nor downward swerve on a
darkening way:
Upward wind they, and leave behind such light as lightens the front
of May:
Fair as youth and sublime as truth we find the fame that we hail
to-day.

—A. C. SWINBURNE.

A LEAF FROM A BACHELOR'S LIFE.

"YOU have confessed you don't love him?" I said.
"Yes," she answered, slowly repeating the words
like a lesson. "I have confessed I don't love him."

She was of indefinable sweetness, with her tawny
brown hair and warm-tinted skin; she was lovable and
fanciful, and her moods were changeable as the weather,
and as sweet and welcome, in their turn, to me as the
sun and rain is to Mother Earth.

"You should not have married him," I said, angrily.
"It is all your fault; you knew very well how it would
be; you—"

"I did not come to you for advice on domestic mat-
ters," she said, breaking in on my speech quickly, her
cheeks pink, as if fearful I should say something I
should be sorry for afterward. "They are bitter
enough without being talked over. I came to ask you
to join our tennis party to-morrow; it is the last of the
season, and you had better come." She sighed in a
pitiful little way, and fidgeted nervously with the
pretty sunshade she carried, as if my speech had
brought back tenfold to her memory her wasted exist-
ence with a man whom she had no affection for what-
ever.

Ah! you scheming match-makers, you little think of
the misery your so-called harmless devices cause. This
girl—whom I loved with all the love I was capable of—
had been married to one of my oldest friends because her
aunt considered it a "good match." He was certainly
rich—my old chum, Arthur—but no more fit to be
trusted with the little vision of beauty before me than
a delicate piece of porcelain china is to be trusted in the
hands of a clumsy servant girl. Fool that I was, I was
always wishing to be near her—to see her; and yet in-
variably when she did visit me in my bachelor rooms, I
was cross and gruff as a bear. I think it was the
thought that she could never be mine, and that, how-
ever much I loved her, there was that interminable
barrier between us, that seemed to grow thicker and
stronger each time we met—the thought that she was
another man's wife, and that I loved her passionately—
madly.

Whether Arthur cared for her or not I was never
able to ascertain. I think he was fond of her in a way.
When I remonstrated with him once, as delicately as I
possibly could, about her going very much about by
herself, he laughed heartily in his easy style, and said:
"Why, Dick, you are the only fellow she visits alone,
and surely you are straight enough. Why, man alive,
you are our best and oldest friend—one of us, in fact."
Yes, even I thought then that I was straight enough;
and yet— But then, as Nell said, every man is liable
to be tempted, even though he may consider himself
invulnerable. I did not say much more to Arthur
about her; but I knew very well that all men were not
to be trusted and believed in as Arthur believed in me,
so I took care that Nellie did not visit any but me unac-
companied. Blind fool that I was to impose such im-
plicit faith in myself—I, who was not even better than

the common run. Better, indeed! I was worse—far
worse.

"I can't bear tennis," I said, sharply, "and you know
it. It is just an idiotic fashion of keeping a ball going,
like battledore and shuttlecock, only not half so amus-
ing. It is a game for babies, not grown-up people."
Just a wee ghost of a smile played round her lips at
my retort.

"Oh, very well," she answered. "I will tell Arthur
you do not care to come. He will be disappointed, as
he particularly wished me to ask you. He was once
your best friend; but perhaps that doesn't count."

"He was my best friend," I blurted out, hotly,
"until he stole the only woman I ever loved from me.
He was my best friend until he treated that woman as
he might his serving-maid. God help me, Nell, I love
you, and cannot bear to see you unhappy and ill-
treated."

I had taken her small hands in mine, and in another
moment would have had her in my arms, had not she
wrenched herself free from my clasp, her eyes flashing.

"Dick," she said, the color coming and going in her
pretty face. "You must never, never say or do that
again—never. You forgot yourself."

Yes, I had forgotten myself—it was quite true—I
had forgotten everything but that I loved her. I turned
my face angrily away from her, tugging at my mustache
viciously, as was my habit when I was vexed. Why
need she be so distant, so cold? Surely there was no
harm in loving her and telling her so.

The handle turning in the door made me start round
suddenly. She evidently intended to depart, and I felt
that, in my hasty way, I had sent her from me.

"You are not going?" I asked, quickly.

"Yes," she answered, with a little catch in her voice,
and pretending to be deeply engaged in buttoning her
already buttoned gloves. "I have told you what I came
for; there is nothing else I wish to say, except that it is
better now for you to refuse Arthur's invitation. You
had better not come."

"I did not mean to come," I said, shortly.

There was a pause. The furrer of her dainty sun-
shade was tracing indescribable patterns on my Brussels
carpet, and I knew there was something else she wished
to say.

"Well?" I asked.

"I want to contradict something you said to me,"
she said, gently, her color deepening, and her parasol
still busy tracing fantastic patterns. It was maddening
to see her standing there in all her fresh young beauty,
and to know that I must keep my hands off her—then
and forever.

"You said that Arthur ill-treated me," she went on,
raising her dark eyes and fixing them on me intently.
"It was a lie. He has never ill-treated me in my life.
I don't think there is much affection between us, cer-
tainly, but he has always been kind to me—far kinder
than I deserved."

"Wait a moment," I said, roughly, for her even faint
praise of one who had stolen all the sweetness out of my
life made me mad with jealousy and revenge. "Did he
not send you here alone to me this afternoon? Does he
not often send you alone to places? What do you think
he does with all his spare time? Do you imagine—you
poor baby—that you are the only woman he cares for?"

I had spoken so quickly and hastily, as was my wont
when I felt put out, that I hardly realized what I had
said until I saw her face.

She had grown as white as the door-handle she still
held, and I knew her eyes were full of smarting tears,
which blurred her vision, and yet which, woman-like,
she tried to hide.

"Forgive me, Nell," I said, coming toward her. "I
did not mean what I said. I am too hasty and you are
too sensitive. Forgive me, and don't think anything
more about it."

But she was already crying, softly and brokenly, one
gloved hand trying to hide the tears from my hardened
gaze. Much as I had seen of her, I had never yet beheld
her in tears, and the scene was as novel as it was dan-
gerous. I longed to take her in my arms, to hide that
tear-stained little face on my shoulder, to kiss away her
troubles and her heart-aches, and—I did. What matter
though she belonged to some one else; for the present
she was mine—mine alone.

"It is so silly of me to cry," she said, still sobbing on
my shoulder, "but I am such a baby. I knew there was
some one else beside myself; I have felt it for a long
time, and Arthur gets colder every day. Just now the
horrid reality came so swiftly to me, and I was feeling
so—so miserable. You—you are my only friend."

So she cried, sobbing out all her grief and bitterness
to me, as I held her close, with a dull pain at my heart.
Within me the demon of temptation was growing
stronger every moment. God knows I battled with it,
and tried to force it down, but it burned in my brain,
scattering all good resolutions to the winds. And, too,
as I turned my face away from the sobbing head on my
shoulder, I seemed to see the life that she still might
lead—happy and prosperous—by my side. As yet her
best days had been wasted, but they should be re-
deemed; there was still time.

What matter though in man's sight we should be
condemned? In God's sight I should be taking her
away from a loveless life to one of infinite happiness
and pleasure. So I reasoned within myself, at one time
right getting the mastery as I thought of my old school
chum, Arthur, and our happy days at Oxford, and
another time wrong completely strangling all other
thoughts when I looked down on tear-stained cheeks
and thought of her unhappiness. Never, for one mo-
ment, did it enter into my head that Nell, pure and
sweet as she was, would refuse to enter into my plan.

Suddenly, my soul seemed to sink lower—lower—
until I hardly knew what I was thinking or saying, and
the tempter's voice hissed within me like so many ser-
pents.

"Nell," I said, "you're not going back to Arthur
again; we will commence a fresh life together—you
and I. There will not be a cloud on our horizon of hap-
piness. Nell—Nell, answer me; you and I—together."

In my excitement I held her to me so tightly that
she could scarcely speak; only her large tearful eyes
looked up at me with mute reproach and agony in
them. Why did I not read her answer there and then
as it was plainly written in their clear depths? Why

did I not see it written in every line of her pure face?

Why? Because I was mad, or something very near it.
I felt the hot blood rushing to my forehead, and a
tumultuous and whirling conflict was seething inside
me, as if ten thousand furies had been let loose, and
taken refuge in my heart.

"Dearest," I cried, "we will go away together now.
You will not be missed, and I shall be with you to take
care of you and love you as no man ever loved woman
before. You must save your life while there is yet
time. You shall forget the past and live only for the
future. Nell—my Nell, you will say you will. Nell—
Nell! You shall not go!"

For she had risen—her cheeks scarlet, her whole
form trembling—from my iron clasp. I saw, directly
I looked at her, her answer—saw it in every line of
disgust in her sweet face, saw it in the very loathing of
her clear, trustful eyes.

For the first time all the shame of my suggestion
rushed back upon me and seared my brain and heart
like a red-hot iron. I went down on my knees, cover-
ing my face with my hands in abject misery, waiting
for the storm of anger and resentment I expected and
deserved from her pure lips. But it came not.

Sweet, gentle and noble as was her character, my
shame and penitence brought forward every good point
in it. I often think what an effort it must have cost
her to swallow and choke down all her bitter anger,
and stroke my sleeve as she did with her soft hand,
while in a tremulous voice she tried to comfort me.

"Dick," she said, "you—you did not mean it. Every-
body has some hideous temptation in their lives that
makes them forget what they say and what they mean.
But yours has passed, Dick—it has passed. Look up and
say so. Oh, my God," piteously, "pray that he may say
so!"

But I could not look up—shame and humiliation
were written in burning letters on my face and brain. I
had insulted her deeply—cruelly, and yet she was will-
ing to forgive me—to make believe that it was just a
moment's madness. I had much rather she had taunted
and abused me, as most women would have done in her
place, and which I should most assuredly have de-
served. This sweet reserve and forgiveness of hers only
served to show up my own blackened morals to their
own disadvantage.

"Nell," I cried, "don't come near me. I am not
worthy to breathe the same pure air as you do. Go,
please, and leave me to my own bitter reflections. It's
no use my apologizing to you—my conduct has been
too black for apology. Go, Nell, and leave me. Slam
the door when you leave the house, so that I may know
when you are gone. Good-by."

"Good-by, Dick," she said; but it was—oh! such a
broken little voice. "Good-by," and then she stooped
and brushed my burning forehead with her lips, and I
heard the soft trail of her dress across the floor. But
she stopped suddenly on the threshold of my room as if
loath to leave me, lonely and broken as I was.

"It may be the last time I shall see you for ages,"
she said, and I felt that she was standing in the same
position as she had been a little while before, holding
the door-handle with one hand and her parasol in the
other; but, despite the wealth of tenderness in her
tone, I did not even look up. "You will not come to-
morrow to the tennis—you must not come."

"I shall be off long before that," I said. "I shall go
away to-morrow and shall try never to see you again.
Good-by."

A long-drawn sigh in answer, the faint rustling of
her soft skirts, and then the door slammed and I knew
that she was gone—forever.

How long I sat in the same position, my head in my
hands, I do not know.

She visited me in the early noon, but it was not until
the gray light of a September evening floated into my
rooms that I moved from my crouching and penit-
ent position. And all that time but one maddening thought
was in my aching heart—the thought that she was gone
forever from my life—my Nell—that I might never see
or speak to her again.

That was two years ago. To-day, hardened and
crusty bachelor as I am supposed to be, I am weeping
bitter tears over a wreath of white violets—her favorite
flowers—which I mean to place presently on her freshly
laid grave. And with these simple flowers will go all
my love and life, my happiness and future, to her side.
Oh, Nell! my heart is dead. Would to God I had been
buried with you.

THE derivation of the word salary is very curious.
In ancient Rome soldiers received a daily portion of
salt as part of their pay, and when in course of time the
salt was commuted for money, the amount was called
Salarium, from *sals*, the Latin for "salt." Hence came
our word "salary," and perhaps the expression "not
worth his salt."

ALTHOUGH swimming comes naturally to most of the
lower animals, it is a universal law with man that the
power of swimming has to be acquired. At the same
time, there is no race in all the world to which the art
is unknown; and in many barbarous countries it is
more diffused and carried to greater perfection than
among civilized people.

"WHAT'S the trouble, Jim? You look angry."

"My uncle has promised to pay my debts."

"That's a funny thing to get mad about."

"I'm wild that I didn't make more debts."

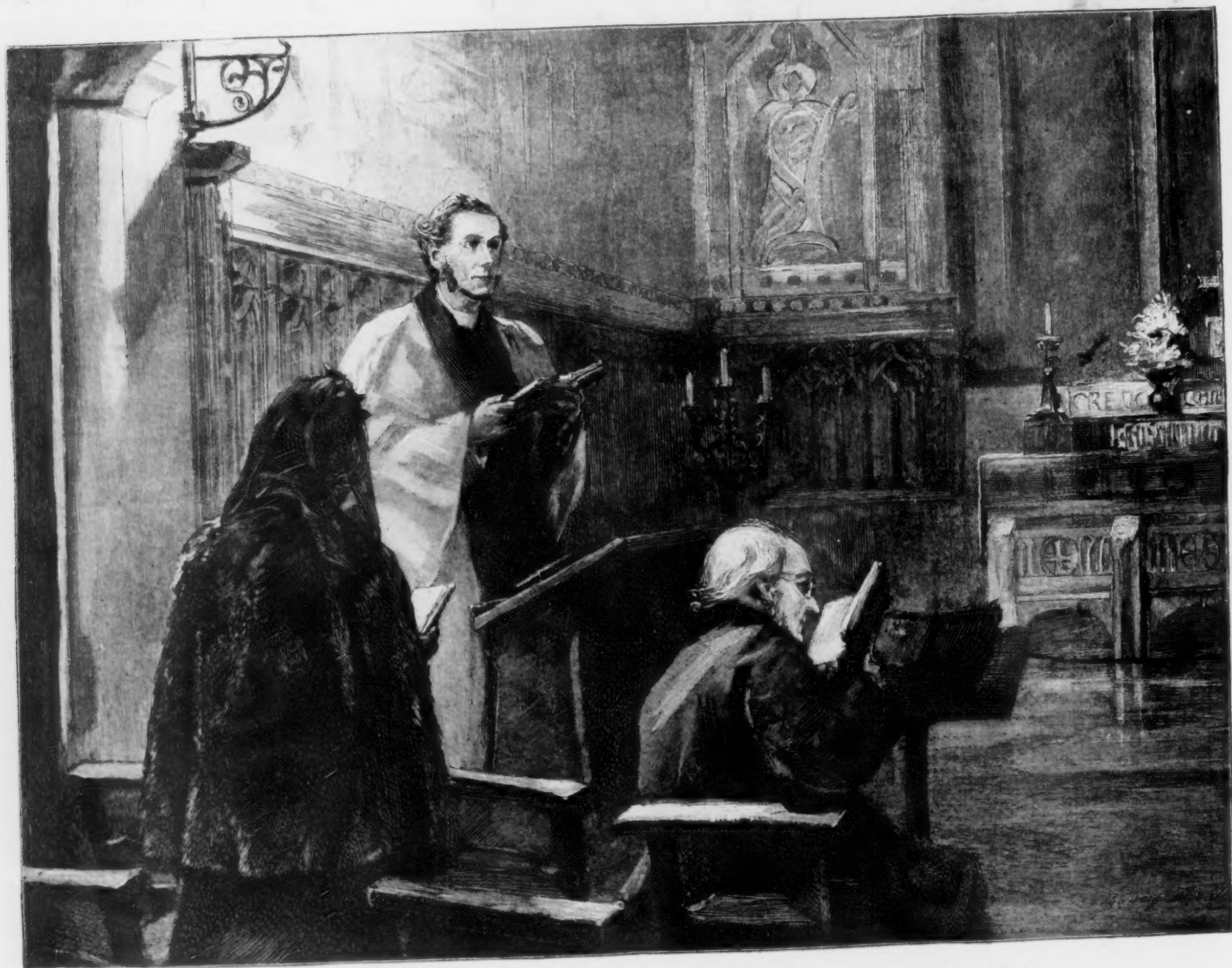
A FRENCH lady, of very elegant figure, was recently
asked why she always had such enormously stout serv-
ants. Her answer was characteristic:

"To prevent them wearing my clothes when I am
away from home."

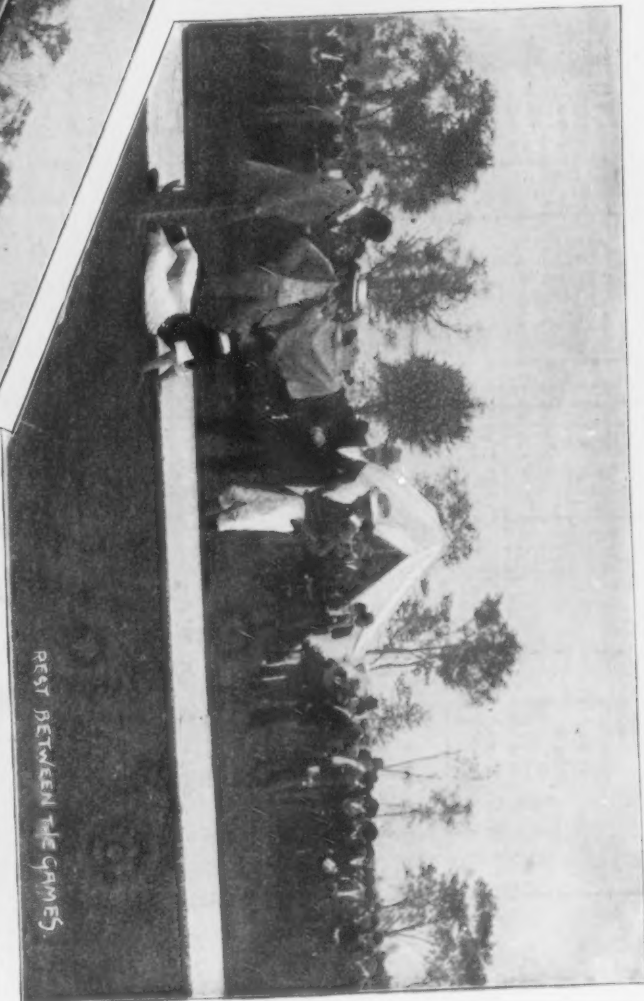
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whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried
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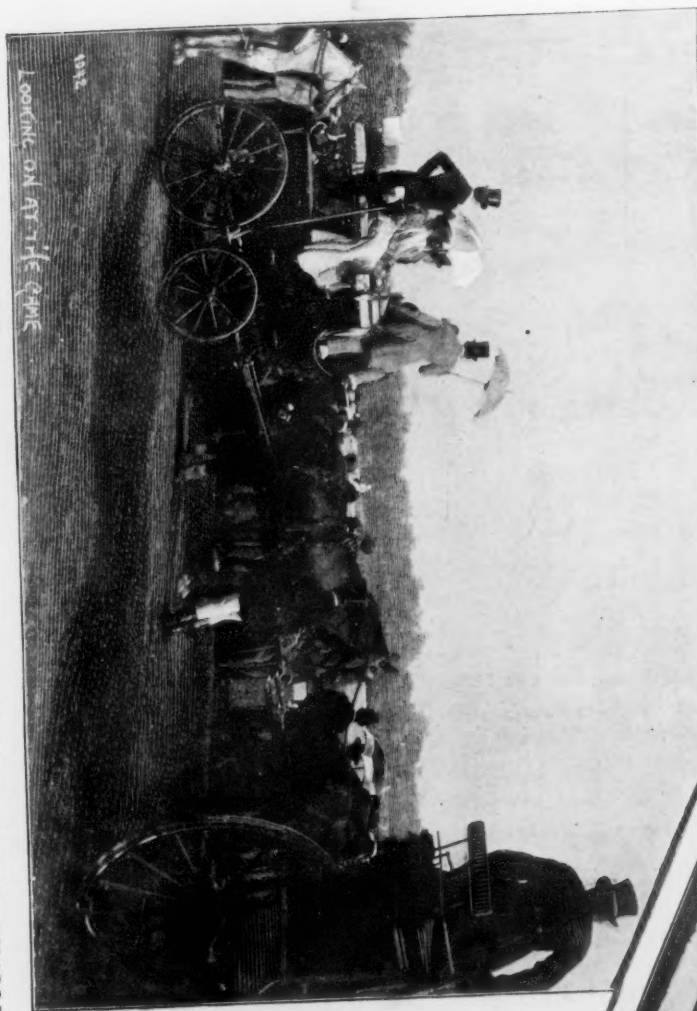
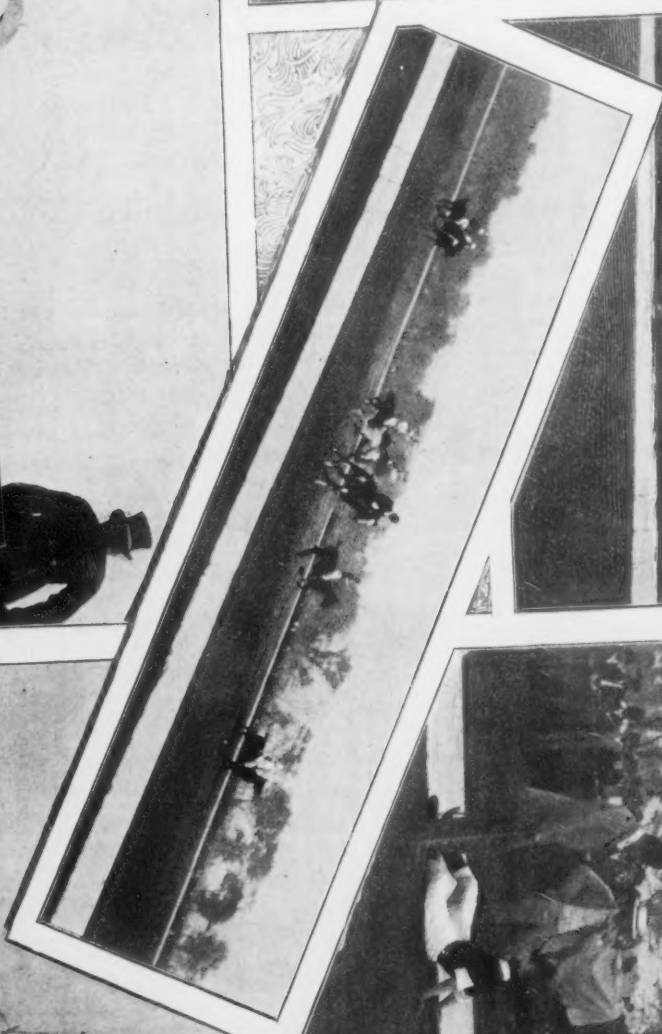
AT THE WELL.—A VENETIAN STREET SCENE.



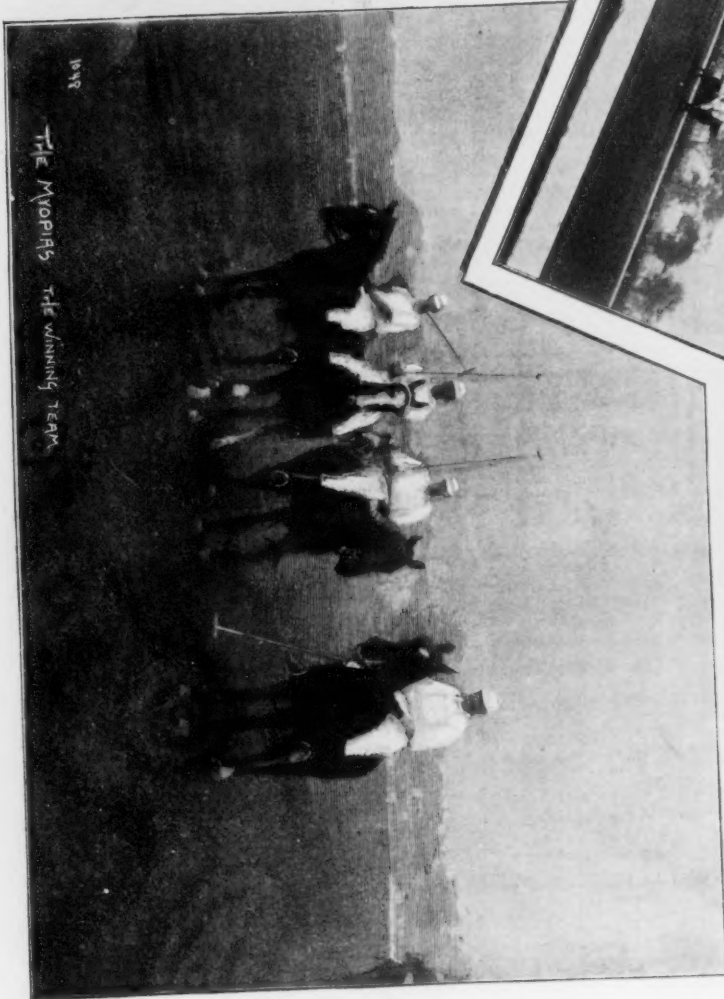
MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE AT A WEEKDAY EVENING SERVICE AT HAWARDEN CHURCH.



REST BETWEEN THE GAMES.



LOOKING ON AT THE GAME.



THE MYOPIA'S THE WINNING TEAM.

POLO CONTEST FOR THE ASTOR CHALLENGE CUP, AT PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN.

OLD BOSTON.

BOSTON has often been likened to London, inasmuch as the streets are narrow, and the buildings have that staid and substantial look which only age and a disinclination to change can give.

No large city is of more interest to the stranger, if he be of an antiquarian turn of mind, than the "Hub"; the lover of history is in his realm, the weaver of romance is never without a theme, and the artist's pencil is supplied with subjects worthy of a Hogarth. This can be found in the heart, the business portion, of Boston. In this matter-of-fact age, sentiment seems to have been laid on the shelf, being aired only on State occasions, or in secret. But amid the toil of hurrying men, the confusion and crush of a never-ceasing traffic, surrounded by magnificent public buildings and large hotels, stands, in its solemn grandeur, as it has stood for nearly one hundred and fifty years, old King's Chapel.

The first structure was erected in 1689, to accommodate the congregation of the parish of the Church of England which was formed in 1686. The first building was of wood, and this being destroyed by fire, the corner-stone of the present structure was laid, August 11, 1747. Up to 1786 the Episcopal form of worship continued, but upon the advent of the Rev. James Freeman they dissented and turned Unitarian. In the original plans a steeple was called for, but for some reason it never was put in position.

Another church—which the visitor to Boston soon finds is one of the most prominent as well as the most interesting of all old buildings with a history in the city—is the "Old South." Situated at the corner of Washington and Milk Streets, where the tide of travel is greatest, it looms up, a constant reminder of the stirring scenes which transpired during the building up of our nation. No longer used for religious services, it is preserved as a museum of historical objects—a relic of the past of old Boston of the colonial days. In this building Benjamin Franklin was baptized; here Warren made his great speech on the anniversary of the Boston Massacre, and it was from this church the "guests" of the famous "Tea party" went forth.

On the corner of Tremont and Park Streets, overlooking the Common, stands the Park Street Church. Erected in 1809, it was used by the members of the first Congregational society, formed in 1748, and from the excess of their protestations the site has since been known as "brimstone corner." Under the building, originally, there were vaults where the dead were kept, but these have long since been removed. In the pulpit such men as Dwight, Beecher, Stone and others have presided.

A little way down on Washington Street, in sight of the Old South Church, stands a quaint old house known as "The Old Corner Book Store." This is probably the oldest brick building in Boston; it dates back to 1712, and its erection is contemporaneous with the fire of about that date.

Faneuil Hall dates back to 1740. When the question of a market-place was reargued, Peter Faneuil's offer to build one at his own cost was accepted, and the hall, being completed in 1742, bore his name. In 1806 the hall was enlarged to its present proportions. Among the attractions of the old "Cradle of Liberty" are the portraits which adorn the walls, many of which are of note. A few may be mentioned as works of art: viz., Stuart's full-length of Washington, and Copley's John Hancock, Samuel Adams and Joseph Warren.

The old State House, built in 1791, besides being used as a Town Hall was occupied by the Colonial Guard. It has also been used by the General Court of the Colony and State, Council of the Province and as a barracks for troops. It was Boston's first exchange, and is still used in that capacity. In it met the convention for the purpose of ratifying the Constitution of the United States, and, according to John Adams, it was in the Chamber of Representatives that "Independence was born." After the Revolution it became the place of meeting of the Legislature, and has ever since been called "The Old State House."—(See page 4.)

Slag from blast furnaces is pulverized and used for fertilizing farm lands in Germany.



MR. HENRY IRVING AS KING ARTHUR.

POLO CONTEST FOR THE ASTOR CHALLENGE CUP.

In the polo game between the Myopias and the Country Club at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, September 24, how splendidly the teams were matched. Mr. L. Waterbury played great polo, and put in some grand work. It is surprising how quickly these young men have learned to play the grandest kind of a game. Three times their ball was within a few feet of the goal, but bounded away, and there is no doubt that but for the roughness of the ground they would have beaten the Myopias.

The result of Friday's game could not easily be fore-shadowed. Although Mr. Keene of the Rockaways has not played in his best form, he is still as good as any of the others, if not better, and before his accident played splendid polo. Rutherford makes a grand back, and Cowden is always one of the best, but in spite of their great play the Cup went to the Myopias.

It is a pity there is no great polo field near New York like the Hurlingham field in London, and the Paris polo ground. Notwithstanding all the polo that has been played around the metropolis, very few have ever seen a game. The grounds used are too far away, and the sport is patronized by members of the various clubs to the exclusion of the general public.

What a grand sport this would be, to introduce into American colleges. It is strange, too, that military men in this country do not take up the sport, as officers do in England and India. It is certain that horsemanship of a high order could be learned at polo that could not be learned in any other way—horsemanship that would seem to be of a kind that would be almost indispensable in cavalry tactics in actual engagements.

It is hoped that the revival of the sport this summer is a forerunner of a more extended recognition of it in the near future, and an intelligent examination of its many merits, as an exhilarating popular sport in itself, as a high order of achievement for college students aiming at the cultivation of a sturdy courage and hardy manhood, and as a school for military drill. Polo is of East Indian origin, and the United States has as much right to take and develop it as England or any other country. We have plenty of mustangs that make the

best of polo ponies, and there is no reason why polo clubs should not multiply throughout the country during the rest of this year and through 1896. And more particularly let us hope to hear that it has taken vigorous hold among our army officers and cavalrymen generally.

It is said of Mr. and Mrs. James Waterbury that there are few who do more for the pleasure of their friends than they.

THE ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD.

ONCE more victory has smiled upon American sports and America is accordingly jubilant. She has ample reason for her jubilation in this case, for the victory at Manhattan Field on Saturday, September 21, is the greatest yet recorded in the annals of American sport. In every event in the international meeting the Americans outdid their British opponents, and that so completely as to leave not the slightest doubt as to their superiority at every point. All the old favorites were on hand in their usual condition, and from the outset it was a one-sided contest.

The Englishmen, when they entered the field, carried themselves with the easy assurance which tells of confidence of impending victory, and it was only as one event after another went to their rivals that they began to realize that they had met foemen who were more than their equals. The event of the day was Sweeney's phenomenal high jump, and the scene when he cleared the bar at six feet five inches, with fully an inch to spare, was one of the wildest enthusiasm. Even the vanquished Englishmen cheered at the unparalleled performance.

In all the other events—except, perhaps, the 440 yards' run, which was won by Burke after a close struggle—the Americans found their opponents easy victims. It was a Waterloo for English sport, and it demonstrated clearly that they have nobody on the other side of the water to compete with Conneff, Kilpatrick, Chase and their colleagues. It must be acknowledged that the Englishmen made a splendid fight and bore their defeat with equanimity, as became true sportsmen; but their inability to compete with our American athletes was clearly demonstrated.—(See pages 8 and 9.)



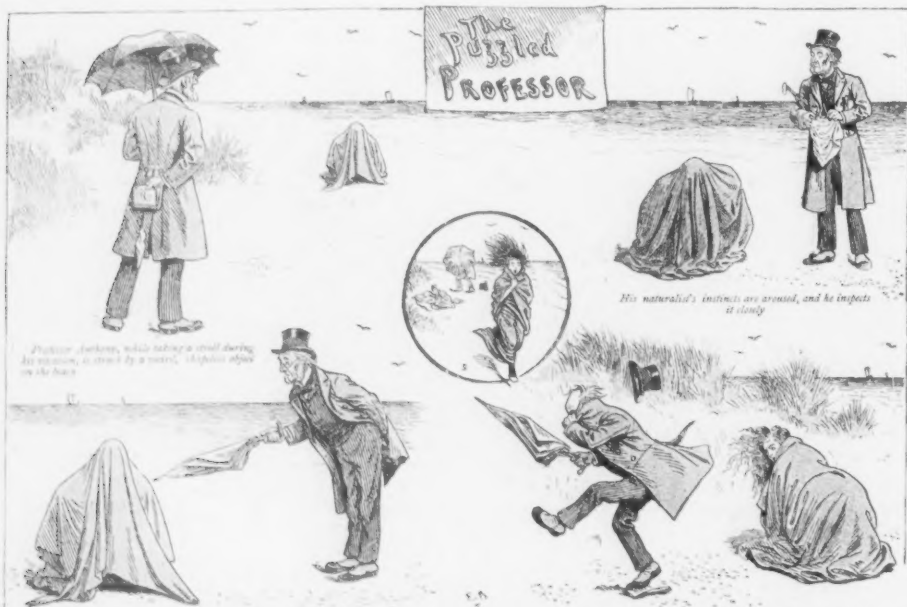
UNITED STATES BATTLESHIP "MAINE," NOW IN COMMISSION.

DR. G. F. ROOT.

DR. ROOT, who was born in 1820 in Massachusetts, was a laborer on his father's farm till he was eighteen years of age, when he went to Boston to study music, afterward proceeding to New York, and finally, in 1850, to Paris. It is typical of the man that two years after he began his studies at Boston, his teacher Johnson, recognizing his great abilities, took him into partnership. On his return from the French capital Dr. Root's career as a composer began, and his songs, "Hazel Dell," "Rosalie, the Prairie Flower," "The Vacant Chair" and "Just Before the Battle, Mother," have been popular on both sides of the Atlantic for upward of thirty years. Dr. Root was also the acknowledged war musician of the Federal Army. His "Battle Cry of Freedom," first sung by the Hutchinson family at the great mass meeting in Union Square, New York, in 1861, was the Northern reply to T. F. Seward's famous "Rally Round the Flag, Boys," while his "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching," was adopted by the Federal Army, and has since, curiously enough, become the melody of the Nationalist song, "God Save Ireland." Dr. Root, however, did far more useful work for music. In 1852 he, in conjunction with Dr. Lowell Mason, founded the first of the Normal Musical Institutes in New York. These institutes, which are now numerous, were designed to give counsel and instruction to those desirous of entering the profession as teachers. In 1860 he started as a music publisher in Chicago, in partnership with Mr. Cady, and one of his church music books, "The Triumph," issued in 1868, paid, it is said, in three years a profit of over fifty thousand dollars. In the Chicago fire of 1871 the firm lost all their stock, declared to be worth two hundred thousand dollars. Mr. Cady then went to New York and Dr. Root retired from business, afterward transferring his copyrights to the John Church Company of Cincinnati. His "Shining Shore" is still popular with Sunday-schools, while among his collections of church and Sunday-school music "The Sabbath Bell," "Diapason" and "Pure Delight" are well known. Dr. Root, who received the honorary degree of Mus. Doc. in 1881 from the University of Chicago, was at the time of his death (August 6) about to celebrate his golden wedding, his wife, née Mary Olive Woodman, whom he married in her early Boston days, being a lady of remarkable musical and literary abilities.

SHERIFF O'BRIEN of Riverhead, Long Island, has announced that, under the law recently signed by Governor Morton, no deer hunting will be permitted for the next two years, the penalty for a violation of the law being imprisonment for not more than one year or a fine of not more than five hundred dollars, or both. The enactment of the law is attributed to the ravages of pot-hunters and the frequency of accidents from careless shooting.

The Nickel Plate Road is the shortest line between Buffalo and Chicago.



HOW TO BATHE IN A LAND WHERE THERE ARE NO BATHHOUSES.

All music plates after being used are

ner. The specific topic the Congress will look into first, is how to meet the reported intention of Emperor William put through the Reichstag a severe measure to restrict the right to vote among Socialists. Another important work will be to attend to a number of leaders throughout the Empire who have seceded with funds belonging to local organizations. The chief offender in this direction is Herr Gottlieb, chief of the party at Bremen, who has been engaged

The presentation of religious truths in attractive form is always to be advocated, but it is a question whether it is not sometimes grossly overdone. A case in point is furnished by the recent ludicrous exhibition of the Salvation Army at its barracks on Fourteenth Street, New York, when a platoon of the soldiers of peace was marshaled on the platform, each in a garb worn by him or her at the time of conversion. It was a motley crew—men in jumpers, military and naval uniforms, dress suits, convict garb and the outfit of the proverbial son of rest, and women in university gowns and caps, fashionable dresses and all the varieties of attire known to the feminine mind; and each in a speech, supposed to be

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